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The Normal Course
IN READING

BY

EMMA J. TODD,

AND

W. H. POWELL A.M.

Fourth
Reader

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THE
NORMAL COURSE IN READING.

BY
EMMA J. TODD,
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FOURTH READER.

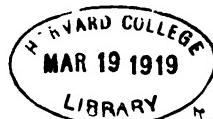
THE WONDERFUL THINGS AROUND US.



SILVER, BURDETT & CO., PUBLISHERS,
NEW YORK . . . BOSTON . . . CHICAGO.

1895.

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NORMAL COURSE IN READING.

COMPRISING:—

PRIMER: Preliminary Work in Reading;

FIRST READER: First Steps in Reading;

SECOND READER: Select Readings and Culture Lessons;

ALTERNATE SECOND READER: Progressive Readings in Nature;

THIRD READER: Diversified Readings and Studies;

ALTERNATE THIRD READER: How to Read with Open Eyes;

FOURTH READER: The Wonderful Things around Us;

FIFTH READER: Advanced Readings in Literature — Scientific,
Geographical, Historical, Patriotic, and Miscellaneous;

PRIMARY READING CHARTS: Preliminary Drill in Reading, 48
numbers, 29 X 38 inches, Illustrated.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

PROBABLY no text-books in our schools represent, on the whole, more effort and enterprise on the part of both publisher and author than the school reading-books. This branch has constantly received the contributions of our most successful school-book makers — a fact which in itself abundantly attests the importance which attaches to the study in the public mind.

That there yet remain possibilities for improvement in this direction cannot be doubted by those familiar with the progress recently made in the methods of teaching reading employed by our best educators. This progress has revealed and emphasized the need of improvements not hitherto attempted in the reading-books offered for school use, both in the plan of presentation and in the subject-matter presented.

It is confidently believed that a careful examination of the plan and subject-matter of the NORMAL COURSE IN READING will at once reveal its *raison d'être*, and that a practical use of these books in the school-room (which is, after all, the supreme test of excellence) will demonstrate their superiority to those hitherto published for the same work.

A more definite and detailed exposition of the plan, scope, and subject-matter of each book in the series will be found in the "Suggestions to Teachers."

The publishers confidently commend the Series to all progressive educators, and anticipate for it large favor at the hands of those who appreciate the best school-room work.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The teacher of this book is asked to read "Suggestions to Teachers," found in the Third Reader of this series.

The successful teacher studies most to know the learning point in the minds of his pupils, whatever subject he teaches. In the teaching of no other subject is the learning point missed or over-reached oftener than in the teaching of reading. This is especially true in the transition from primary to intermediate reading. Too much is taken for granted. Not enough care is given to know that the child reads understandingly. What is of more significance, not enough effort is made to develop power to understand and interpret symbols (written and printed words are symbolic channels of information).

Before the child can read matter representing new thought profitably, his mind must be enriched with nuclei of information gained from original channels, things, and experiences, in manifold variety. These, with conclusions thereon and imaginings therefrom, must be expressed in symbols, and the symbols must be read by the child that he may know the relation of the latter to the former, to the end that he may have a broad comprehension of the office of symbols.

Very slowly does the child learn to see thought in symbols. The nuclei established in the mind through original channels of information — things, experiences, conclusions, and imaginings — are the standards for comparison by which all symbols are interpreted. To see that the mind of the child interprets correctly and with intelligence is the chief difficulty in the teaching of reading in the Fourth Reader stage of the work.

The transition from the reading of matter expressing what the child has learned from original channels of information — matter representing what he already knows — to the reading of matter that is read for gaining information cannot be made rapidly, and should be directed with great care. It may be begun soon after the child begins to read.

The teacher should know that new reading-matter given to the child is within the interpretative limit of his mind's stores. If this is made sure, the imagination will be healthfully developed, and the reader will be instructed and entertained. By such careful training only, can the child be fitted for an intelligent study of geography and history from texts, or for an appreciative reading or hearing of fiction and poetry.

The lessons herein given under the general title "Our Beautiful World," with those under the general title "Vapor" in the Third Reader, are well adapted to the work of training the pupil to read for the purpose of getting information. They are also well adapted to the purpose of training the pupil in good delivery. While subserving these two important ends of the reading exercise, they will, if intelligently taught, serve as the best possible beginning for the rational study of geography, as well as an excellent preparation for the reading of history.

The lessons are in sequential order, and should be so taught.

The lessons of the two sections following, viz. "Plant Life of the Earth" and "Animal Life of the Earth," are units of thought, affording opportunity for systematic study. They present much information and are carefully embellished with poetry. It is believed an intelligent reading of them will be interesting to the pupil and will afford opportunity for profitable work in word study and thought arrangement, as well as for elocutionary drill.

In no case should a poetical selection be read until the teacher is reasonably certain that the child understands the lesson which the poem is intended to embellish or supplement. Thus pupils may be led to read, appreciate, and enjoy poetry that is worthy a place in the library of the scholar.

These poems, or selections from them, are the gems which, if thought desirable, may be committed to memory. Gems whose sources and relations are not known by the learner are of doubtful value from any standpoint except that of pure sentimentality.

Much collateral matter should be read. It is believed that all supplementary reading should be for the explanation, for the greater elaboration, or for the practical application of the regular work of the curriculum. Miscellaneous "supplementary reading" is not supplementary in the right sense, in a true educative sense. By the reading of properly selected supplementary matter the child will be helped in learning how to read topically, sequentially, and most profitably.

Children may be encouraged to find supplementary matter in their home reading and bring the same to recitation. Thus will more reading of the proper kind be insured, and, what is of greater value, judgment will be developed, and the will properly exercised and thus properly trained.

Much reading aloud before the class, of entire selections, or of portions representing entire units of thought, is recommended, not only for the purpose of training in good delivery, but for the better purpose of training the pupils in seeing units of thought as entireties. This will be facilitated by having the reader select and name the co-ordinate divisions of such units. Thus will pupils develop an appreciation of unity and sequence in what they read, and begin to learn their value in conversation, written composition, and in study.

It is recommended that the imaginary stories given in the text be read with much care, and that many other stories be written by the pupils and read in class. Topics for such stories will suggest themselves to any one who will read "The Story of a Grain of Sand," page 47, or the poem, "Lily's Ball," page 103. The object of this work is, while allowing spontaneity, to secure training along healthful and determinative lines of imagination. This is safer work than the reading of fairy tales. The teacher can judge of the intelligence with which it is done, for he can estimate the

product by the measure of nature's laws, and therefore can know whether the imagination of the writer or talker is clear, healthy, and under control, or is clouded, unintelligent, undirected, or visionary. This kind of training, together with the knowledge of the life of to-day which the child now has, fits him for reading stories, anecdotes, and poems, representing the leading events in the history of our country and given in sequential order.

While reading "Our Government and People," it should be the effort of the teacher to have illustrated in class the lives and customs of the people about whom the class is reading, by objects when it is possible to get them, or by pictures when objects cannot be secured. A veritable museum may be obtained through the efforts of the children by the enterprising teacher. A veritable picture gallery may be made by any one. The museum and the picture gallery are both desirable. Maps should be made to be referred to while reading. In reading history, referring to maps should be cultivated to a habit.

Many comparisons should be made between persons read about and ourselves, between modes of life of other times and those of our day, etc. This talk will lead to much collateral reading, which should be encouraged. It must be remembered that the object is not only to teach the children to read this text, but, what is of greater value, to give them power to read history understandingly. If this is accomplished, they will have learned to read.

The poetical and prose selections supplementing this unit of work will be understood by the child when he knows the history of the growth of free government. A reading of these with the knowledge of whence and how and why the government came will establish an abiding patriotism,—*abiding* because it will spring from a *love* resulting from knowledge and not from a transitory emotion.

The authors gratefully acknowledge the courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. for permission to quote from their valuable publications extracts for embellishing and explaining many lessons.

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* Mr. Procter is known also as "Barry Cornwall," this name being signed to many of his productions wherever found. This is called a *nom de plume*.

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O him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Hi blest art thou whose steps may rove
Through the green paths of vale and grove;
Or, leaving all their charms below,
Climb the wild mountain's airy brow;

For thee the stream in beauty flows,
For thee the gale of summer blows,
And, in deep glen and wood-walk free,
Voices of joy still breathe for thee.

—FELICIA HEMANS.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
“This is my own, my native land?”

—WALTER SCOTT.

FOURTH READER.

THE WONDERFUL THINGS AROUND US.



I. OUR BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

1. THE OUTLOOK.

One afternoon when the school duties of the day were done, a bright, thoughtful boy sat at his window. He saw the river that swept past the garden wall.

On the other side of the river lay a beautiful valley, and beyond this, long lines of hills. Among these hills were small valleys leading into the one through which the river wound its way.

The boy beheld this delightful scene with a look of inquiry on his face.

What could he be thinking about? What did he wish to inquire about? Was it the curious curves of the hills, giving such grace to the landscape, that pleased him?

Bright pebbles on the river bank shone in the sunlight. Would he ask about these? Did he want to ask whence the water of the river came and where it went?

Little brooks in the midst of little valleys hur-



ried on, growing larger and struggling harder till they were lost in the great river, and their valleys broadened out into, and became parts of, the great valley. Was he thinking of the lost brook or of the lost valley?

He remembered that his lessons had taught him

of vapor, of cloud, of dew, of rain, of snow, and of hail.

He said, "Can I not know something of mountains, hills, and valleys, of rocks and pebbles, of mud and sand, of spring and brook, of the river, whence it came, and where it goes? I will try."

2. THE WORLD.

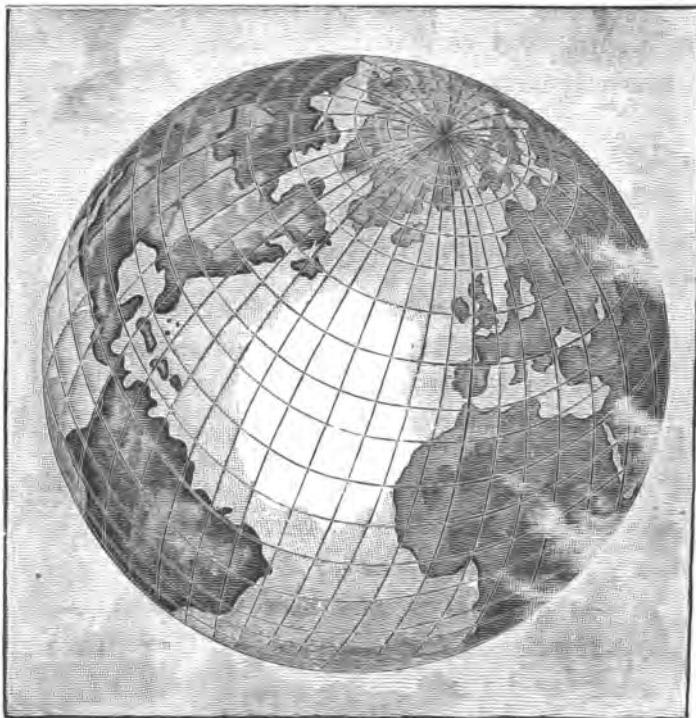
"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water around you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—
World, you are beautifully drest."

How beautiful are the hills and valleys! How beautiful are the little streamlets as they flow down between the hills in their winding ways, to join the great river, and how wonderful is this great river as it rushes on to pour its waters into the lake or ocean!

Have you ever seen the ocean? Have you ever seen a great lake? Have you ever seen a large river? I know you have seen a little brook and bathed your hands in its cooling waters.

Everywhere you look you see land or water. If it is land at which you look, you see hills or val-

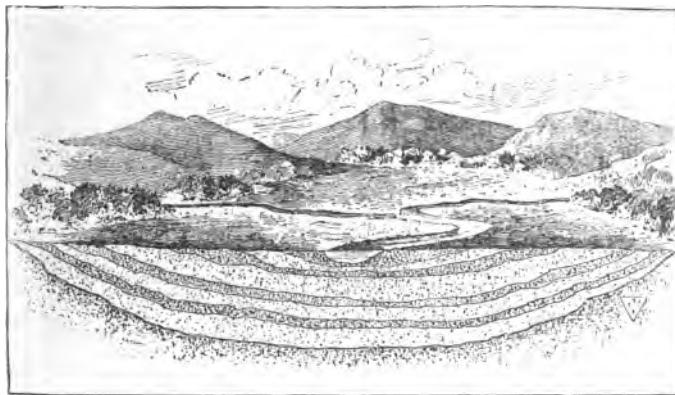
leys or mountains or plains, perhaps all of these. If you look at water, you may see brooks, rivers, lakes, or oceans, perhaps all of these.



The whole of the earth that we can see is land or water. There is much more water than land, three times as much; that is, three-fourths of the earth's surface are covered with water; one-fourth is land.

The land and the water are slowly changing places. This is strange. Perhaps we may be able to understand how this is done; but before we enter upon this study, you are asked to read all that is said under the subject "vapor," in the Third Reader.

3. THE FORMATION OF THE EARTH'S CRUST.



On the slope of a range of mountains lies a great lake many miles wide and very long. So large is it that several days would be required to go around it.

Into this lake flow three or four rivers and many small streams. These streams flow down

the mountain sides and long distances through the land, so that after heavy rains or when the snows are melting on the mountain tops, their waters are loaded with sand and mud which are carried into the lake and deposited on its bottom.

The rains dissolve the hard rocks of the mountain tops, and the frosts of winter break their surfaces into fine particles. These with other things, as bones of animals, skeletons of insects, shells, leaves, sticks, and trunks of trees, are swept into the lake.

Slowly but surely, year by year, the lake is filling up. After many, many years, too many for us to count, the water will be found only in brooks, creeks, or rivers that it cuts for itself while the lake is filling. The lake will be filled up.

When this has been done, a great sheet of sand and mud mingled with many other things will be spread over the broad plains where the lake once was. Through this will run the streams that drain the land.

This plain will be divided into layers or sheets, some of which will be thicker than others. You will understand what is meant, by looking at the picture. Such a set of deposits as will here be found is called a geologic formation, or a formation of the earth's crust.

THE SEA.

The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.



I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blast do blow !

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh his mother's nest ;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change ;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea !

—BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

4. A WALK UNDER THE SEA.

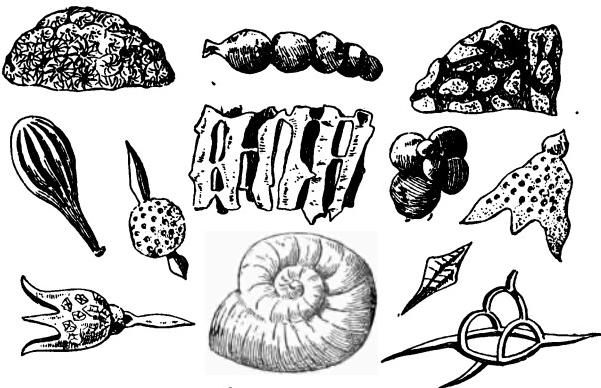
This is a trip which we shall enjoy, I think, but which we shall have to take in our imagination; for though there are wagons and cars, boats and balloons, invented for carrying us on the land, on the water, and in the air, no means has yet been found by which we can travel on the ocean bed.

Do you know what it is to make a journey in imagination?

After leaving the pebbly beach and getting beyond the slope of smooth sand, we find ourselves in the midst of a delightful garden where sea-mosses, green, red, and purple, look gay and beautiful; and fish and other curious little animals sport with each other, and float here and there in the water.

As we descend, the water becomes colder and colder, and the beautiful gardens disappear. At last we stand in darkness in the midst of the sediment brought down by rivers. This is soft and slimy, made slimy by the decay of the many plants and animals of the sea.

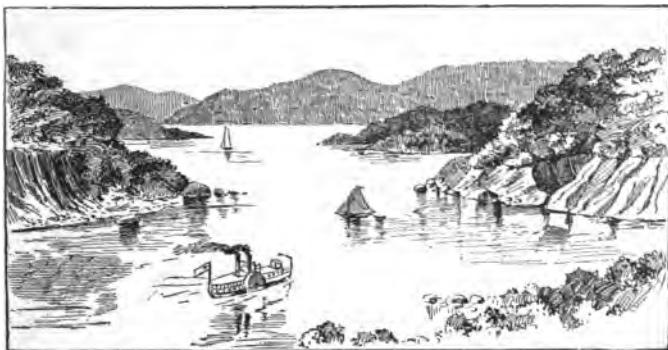
We are not alone, however. There are life and work all around us. See these curious little creatures, working in and out of the mud and slime.



They must be very short-lived ; for the floor of the sea is strewn with their skeletons or with lime from their broken or decayed coverings.

Upon this floor a stream of mud from the rivers is constantly pouring, which, being mixed with the lime and shells, forms a layer of fine clay on which the animals of the sea work and die. There are so many of these animals they never could be counted. Then the waters of the rivers bring here with them lime which they steal from the limy rocks over which they flow down the mountain sides on their way to the sea.

In this way the work goes on, until we find the broad sea-bed thus formed, pushing up above the sea. The waters disappear, leaving a broad plain, composed of many layers. This set of layers is a geologic formation or a part of the earth's surface.

5. HOW MOUNTAINS ARE FORMED.

"How high the hills are, father!" cried Fred, as he seated himself on a chair near the rail of the "Horicon," and looked up at the walls of the rugged mountains which border the beautiful lake on which they rode, with its clear, blue water and forest-covered islands.

"They are not hills, but mountains," replied his father. "Can you tell me the difference between mountains and hills?"

"Oh, yes! a mountain is a grown-up hill," said Fred.

"A mountain does look like a high hill. Let us see if we can understand how they are formed.

"You can easily see how some hills are formed, by noticing the water as it flows down a dirt road

after a rain, cutting channels and heaping up little hillocks as it flows. Hills are slowly carved in the same way by the cutting power of streams as they flow down over the earth and the rocks.

“Mountains, however, and most hills are born in the sea, and grow by a more difficult process than that we have seen in the dirt road after a rain.

“All the time the rocky beds are being made in the sea by the sediment washed down by rivers and by the busy little creatures clothed in armors of lime, about which you have read, the earth’s heat is constantly leaking out into the air.

“As it loses heat the earth shrinks and puckers these rocky layers together, forming huge wrinkles in about the same way that an apple shrivels its skin after its juice has dried up or evaporated.

“These wrinkled layers become tilted ; and when they reach the surface of the water they appear somewhat like those whose pictures we see.

“Thus the building and the wrinkling of the rock goes on for centuries until these tilted layers are pushed far above the surface of the sea. They are then carved by the rivers and streams in the same manner as the hills are. Thus you see a mountain is only a large hill.

“This is the story of the mountains which shut in the beautiful lake on which we are sailing.”

6. WHAT IS AN EARTHQUAKE?

You have been told that the crust of the earth wrinkles something as an apple wrinkles after the juice has been dried up or evaporated. Will you read the lesson again, beginning on page 17? Then read what is said of the uplifting or tilting of the earth's crust on page 25.

You may think that the breaking of the earth's crust is caused by earthquakes. If you take a sound apple in your hands, you will see that the skin is smooth as if tightly drawn over the surface. Now you know the skin, though not very thick, is tough and strong compared with the pulp inside of it. The soft, juicy pulp will dry up, as we say; that is, the moisture of the pulp will evaporate. This will make the pulp inside the skin smaller.

The skin, except a very small part, has not been evaporated. It is as large and tough to all appearances as it ever was; but to adjust itself to the smaller size of the apple, or to fit the apple as its pulpy part grows smaller, the skin wrinkles and becomes rough. Some of these wrinkles you will notice have sharp edges; others have broad surfaces at the top. Some are short; others are long. Some are broken by cross-wrinkles; in some places

there are sunken places that are broad and long. I suppose you never took so much interest in the wrinkled skin of a dried-up apple before, did you? Well, I want you to look at this for some time carefully, and think about it a great deal.

The earth is somewhat the shape of an apple. It has a covering. This covering, you have learned, is thick and hard, being made up of layers of rock. In some places the covering is thicker than it is in other places.

Now it is known that the earth is growing smaller because it is constantly giving off heat into the air. As it becomes smaller, the crust or covering wrinkles to suit or fit the inside, just as the apple skin wrinkles to fit the smaller size of the apple. You think the hard stone of the earth's surface would not break, but it does. It breaks because it is so heavy, and because its support has shrunken away from it. Wherever it breaks or wrinkles down, the surface of the earth may be shaken or moved about for many miles in many directions. When this happens, we call it an earthquake. So you see the breaking or wrinkling of the earth causes the earthquake. An earthquake, then, is caused because the earth's surface has broken away somewhere or wrinkled.

7. VOLCANIC FORMATION.

It happens sometimes when there are earthquakes that great openings are made in the earth's crust. Through these openings pour forth streams of ashes and of melted rock called lava. The ashes, after being thrown high into the air, fall about the openings, and form mountains. These are called volcanoes. Have you not seen many pictures of volcanoes? Did you ever see a real volcano?

The lava often bursts through the ashes, and spreads out in broad sheets over the surrounding land, filling the spaces between the upturned rocks and extending for miles and miles in every direction.

This is another kind of geologic formation, for the space covered by the lava from a volcano may be as large or larger than the lake of which you have read in another lesson. Should earthquakes again come, this formation might be broken and tilted into mountain ranges and long lines of hills



with valleys between them. The rocky layers and the lava layer might thus lie in great confusion, one upon the other. There are many volcanic formations in our own country. You will learn where they are some day, when you study geography.

| | | | |
|------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| wrinkles | beginning | something | evaporated |
| uplifting | tilting | breaking | earthquakes |
| compared | smaller | appearances | interest |
| somewhat | carefully | constantly | shrunken |
| directions | somewhere | surface | happens |
| formation | openings | mountains | volcanoes |
| pictures | surrounding | upturned | extending |
| direction | filling | geologic | lava |
| layers | confusion | volcanic | geography |

8. HOW SOIL IS MADE.

Many years ago, centuries perhaps, there was no soil or ground as you call it, where you now see fertile farms and beautiful green meadows.

In its stead there may have been a rocky ledge many miles long and many feet deep on which the sun shone and the rain fell year after year.

This is what happens.

Exposure to the air and the rain in the course of time causes the rock to decay slightly, so that when little wandering seeds of tiny plants, carried by the wind, fall upon it, they are able to lodge in its crevices or cracks. There they begin to grow.

When they die, the rain, in soaking through them, creates various acids which soften still more of the rock.

This constant decay in time forms a kind of soil or beginning for the growth of vegetation. The roots of these plants and trees, making their way into the fissures of the rock, often force its particles aside, breaking it into pieces. These pieces decay a great deal more rapidly than when they were a part of the larger mass, because more surface is exposed to the air and the rain.

Jack Frost also plays a prominent part in soil-making. The rain, sinking through the thin layer

of soil, penetrates the pores of the rock, where in winter it freezes. In freezing it expands and pushes aside the particles of rock and breaks it into little fragments.

Grasses and creeping vines soon take root there, and dying, make room for other and larger plants. Now, after long years, we find large plants, shrubs, and even forest trees growing where there was once but a layer of rock.

The floods of spring come. The water, forever seeking an outlet, cuts for itself channels in the mountain sides and in the plains. Thus brooks and rivers begin.

The water, on its way to and through the brooks and rivers, carries the new-crumbled rock or the new-made soil along with it and deposits it in the plains below. Thus, soil is made, and covers the beautiful valleys through which wind creeks and rivers.

THE SOIL OF RIVER VALLEYS.

After a rainfall you have often seen the water flowing down the gutters, carrying with it the pebbles, sand, and mud, which spread out in a thin sheet along the sides and at the foot of the gutter.

Imagining this gutter a river, we can readily see

how the fertile strip of land along its banks and at its mouth are formed.

As the river flows, it carries with it a mass of loose material and wears away much of the soil along its banks.

This material is carried until the river has more of it than it can manage, when it deposits it along its banks, just as the water in the gutter deposits its load.

This soil, which is very fertile and very deep, is called alluvial land.

| | | | |
|------------|-----------|----------|-----------|
| penetrates | particles | shrubs | crumbled |
| expands | fragments | channels | imagining |

JACK FROST.

“Some one has been in the garden,
Nipping the flowers so fair ;
All the green leaves are withered :
Now, who do you think has been there ?

“Some one has been in the forest,
Cracking the chestnut-burs :
Who is it dropping the chestnuts
Whenever a light wind stirs ?

“Some one has been on the hill-top,
Chipping the moss-covered rocks :
Who has been cracking and breaking
Them into fragments and blocks ?

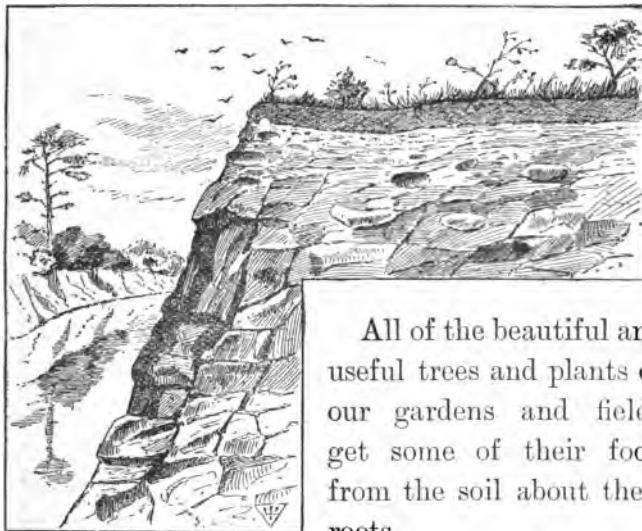
“Some one has been at the windows,
Marking on every pane :
Who made those glittering pictures
Of lacework, fir-trees, and grain ?

“Some one is all the time working
Out on the pond so blue,
Bridging it over with crystal :
Who is it now ? Can you tell who ?

“While his good bridge he is building,
We will keep guard at the gate ;
And when he has it all finished,
Hurrah for the boys that can skate !

“Let him work on : we are ready ;
Not much for our fun does it cost !
Three cheers for the bridge he is making !
And three, with a will, for Jack Frost !”

withered moss-covered lace-work hurrah
chipping glittering bridging cheers

9. FROM ROCK TO SOIL.

All of the beautiful and useful trees and plants of our gardens and fields get some of their food from the soil about their roots.

We may dig through this black, rich earth for many feet, without being able to see how it is made; but if we go out to Rock Creek or to any other place where deep cuts have been made in the earth, we can, if we study carefully, learn the secret of the soil.

Standing at the base of a wall of gray rock many feet high, we see that the lower part of it is unbroken and solid; but as we look up toward the top, we find it seamed and scarred in many places.

These seams grow more frequent as we approach

the top, where the rock is broken into large pieces, while quite near the top is found a layer of finely broken or crumbled pieces that looks not unlike a layer of earth. This is called the subsoil.

Above the subsoil we find the rich, loamy earth in which the grasses and flowers grow.

The rich, black earth is but the crumbled top of the rock mixed with decayed leaves, sticks, and other materials. How many years has it taken this broken rock to become so loose, soft, and black? Who could count them?

ON THE CLIFF.

See where the crest of the long promontory,
Decked by October in crimson and brown,
Lies like the scene of some fairy-land story,
Over the sands to the deep sloping down.

See the small ripples in curving ranks chasing
Every light breeze running out from the shore,
Gleeful as children when merrily racing,
Hands interlocked, o'er a wide meadow floor.

See the low surf where it restlessly tumbles
Swiftly advancing and then in retreat ;
See how the tall cliff yields slowly and crumbles
Sliding away to the waves at our feet.

— ROSSITER JOHNSON.

10. THE HILLSIDE SPRING.

“Oh, see this little spring bubbling up from the ground !” cried Fred, as he was gathering flowers on a sunny hillside, one bright spring day. “Come taste the water, papa ; how clear and cold it is ! Can you tell me how it came to be here ?”

“Yes, I will try,” replied his father ; “but it is a long story, so let us sit on this log, where we can see the spring as we talk.

“But tell me first, Fred, what becomes of the water after a rain ?”

“A part of it is evaporated ; a part of it flows over the ground to the nearest streams, while another part sinks through the earth, where it is sucked up by the roots of thirsty plants and trees.”

“Quite true,” said Mr. Fairchild ; “but some of the water which sinks below the surface escapes the open mouths of the thirsty roots, and trickles down through the earth, cutting many narrow channels, until it reaches a hard layer of rock or clay through which it cannot pass.”

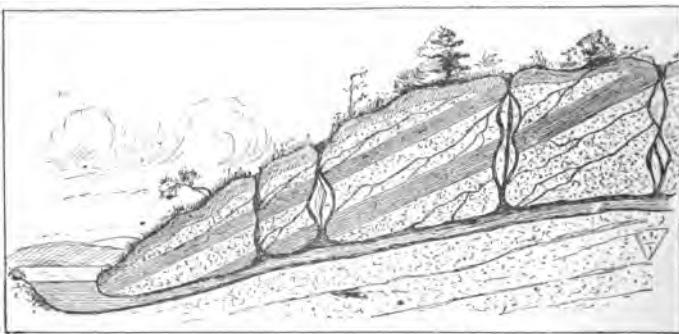
“What becomes of it then ?” asked Fred. “Does it lie imprisoned between the soil and the rock or clay ?”

“That is impossible, on account of the sloping

of the rock. It creeps along the surface of this hard layer until it finds a crevice, into which it flows.

“This cavity, which becomes enlarged by the pressure of the water, is soon filled so that it overflows, and a little stream starts from it on a voyage of discovery.

“We will imagine that, after travelling a short



distance, it meets with some new obstacle—a limestone wall, perhaps, which checks its passage.

“Not discouraged by this obstruction, the little stream vigorously attacks the limestone, eating away and dissolving its particles until it forces a way through it; soaks through it, as we so often say.

“After thus cutting passages through the solid rock, filling and overflowing the cavities formed in

its crevices, the underground water struggles on, going, it may be, long distances, in and out, up and down, until it finds an unobstructed opening like this, through which it springs or gushes to the surface."

"Would it not be interesting to know how far the water that we are now looking at has come? Its crooked way might be very curious."

"But how long will the water stay here, papa? Will it not all flow away or dry up?" asked Fred.

"No; it will not meet with either fate, as it is constantly fed by the water stored in its many reservoirs. Springs that form in the soil only a short distance below the surface run only in rainy weather.

"Sometimes this water flowing underground passes through veins of iron, sulphur, copper, or other minerals. When this is the case, some of the mineral through which it flows is dissolved in the water and carried away by it. When this happens, it becomes mineral water, and the spring is called a mineral spring. You have heard of mineral springs, have you not?

"But come! we have much work to do if we would fill our baskets with flowers before the sun sets. Good by, little spring."

How delightedly both worked after this conversation and rest!

THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night.

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow !

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day !

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary ; —

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest ; —

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,

Changed every moment,
Ever the same ; —

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element ; —

Glorious fountain !
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee !

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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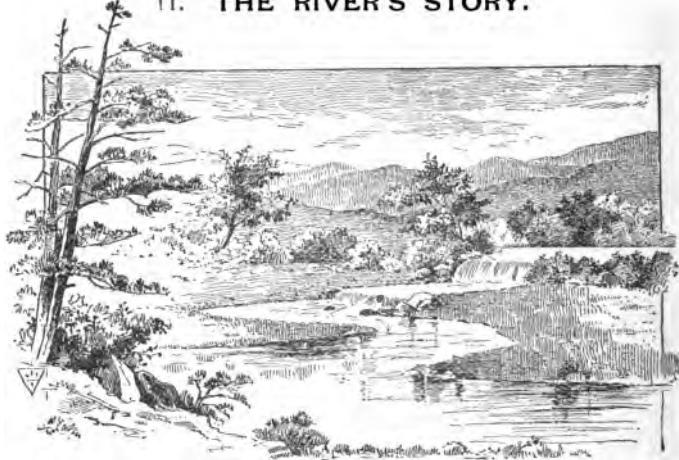
THE RIVULET.

This little rill, that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet when life was new.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Who is James Russell Lowell? Read in class Mr. Lowell's poem, entitled "The First Snow."

Who was William Cullen Bryant? Mr. Bryant was a great lover of nature. Will the pupils read in the class a selection from Mr. Bryant's poems of nature.

11. THE RIVER'S STORY.

I was born in a little mountain lake, the rocky basin of which was filled with rain-water from the fleecy clouds which hung above it.

One winter as the water changed into ice, it expanded with such force that several fissures or cracks were made in the rocky rim of the lake.

When spring came, the icy sheet melted, and I, a tiny stream, trickled through one of the crevices and started out to see the world.

I did not find my journey a pleasant one at first, on account of the ridges of ground and the rocks which obstructed my path.

I shall make no progress unless I overcome these

obstacles, thought I, so I pushed with all my might whenever I found anything in my way, and often carried away with me small particles of gravel and sand as I rubbed against the rocks or flowed over the soil.

As I got farther down the mountain side, I was joined by so many other rivulets that I soon became quite a large stream.

Then how I worked! Grinding away particles of rocks, scratching, rubbing, and rolling them into smooth pebbles, taking a bite out of the soil whenever I could reach it, and swallowing every smaller stream which came in my way, I in time became a mighty river, carving a deep gorge or channel in the rock by scratching and grinding it down with the sand and pebbles I constantly carried with me.

Do you not see how strong and powerful I am? Do you see how I take up the dirt and the sand from the bottom of the stream and move it about, or carry it along with me as I go?

When I have more of this sediment than I can carry, or when I am flooded, I cast it along my banks, where it forms fields of alluvial land, the richest of soils.

I am often turned out of my course by ledges of projecting rock, or changes in the level of the ground through which I flow, as well as by the

burden of sediment which sometimes almost stops me ; but, urged on by the pressure of the water behind me, overcoming every obstacle, on I flow to my home in the sea.



THE RIVER.

- “ River, river, little river !
 Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
 Like a child at play.
- “ River, river, swelling river !
 On you rush o'er rough and smooth,
Louder, faster, rolling, leaping,
Over rocks and shallows sweeping,
 Like impetuous youth.
- “ River, river, brimming river !
 Broad and deep, and still as time ;
Seeming still, although in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,—
 Just like mortal prime.
- “ River, river, rapid river !
 Swifter now you slip away ;

Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow —
Like life's closing day.

“ River, river, headlong river !
Down you dash into the sea, —
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that sail hath never rounded,
Like ETERNITY.”

THE RIVER.

“ Oh, tell me, pretty river !
Whence do thy waters flow ;
And whither art thou roaming,
So smoothly and so slow ?

“ My birthplace was the mountain ;
My nurse, the April showers ;
My cradle was a fountain
O'ercurtained by wild flowers.

“ One morn I ran away,
A madcap, noisy rill !
And many a prank that day
I played adown the hill.

“ And then 'mid meadowy banks
I flirted with the flowers,
That stooped with glowing lips,
To woo me to their bowers.

“ But these bright scenes are o'er,
And darkly flows my wave ;
I hear the ocean's roar,
And there must be my grave.”



GREEN RIVER.

When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the waves they drink ;
And they whose meadows it murmurs through
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

* * * * *

Oh, loveliest there the spring days come
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum ;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air ;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

12. THE DELTA.

The rains fall on the mountains, they fall in the valleys, they sweep down the long hillsides, washing the rocks and carving the banks.

From the crumbling cliffs and from the broad meadows the waters gather the sands and carry them down to the brooks and the creeks and thence into the rivers.

The river current takes to itself each bright drop with its tiny load of sand or mud and bears it along on its bosom.

Sometimes the waters deposit part of their loads on the banks, but usually the strong currents carry their burdens on and on towards the sea.

The ocean is almost reached, and each wee particle hopes to start out on a journey for itself around the world, when alas ! the ocean interferes.

While the river rushes down to the sea, the sea

sends its fierce tides back into the river, so that at the river's mouth the two currents meet face to face, and pause. The waters are quiet.

It was easy for the swiftly flowing waters to bear up the mud and the sand while in motion ; but now, delayed in their course, they are obliged to drop the burdens they have carried so long. So the mud and the sand sink to the bottom, not far from where the river enters the sea.

During many long ages this goes on, and the land is built up. The sea is slowly driven back. Gradually this land increases in size, and some day it grows to be a great plain, the shape of which in some cases is triangular. It is in the shape in which an ancient people, the Greeks, made their letter *D*, the fourth letter of their alphabet. Its name is delta.

So these formations made at the mouths of rivers by the materials brought there in the water are called deltas. Some very large rivers that flow long distances make large deltas.

Do you like the name delta ? I always thought it very pretty. All names are not as appropriate as this is.

The picture at the head of this lesson shows you how some of these small deltas look.

13. THE STORY OF A GRAIN OF SAND.

About a thousand years ago I was part of a rock on the top of a high mountain.

I had a fine view of the beautiful country below me, which I often longed to visit, for I felt very lonesome so far up in the air. Often I was cold.

Sometimes a few moss seeds visited the rock, but the rain quickly washed them off.

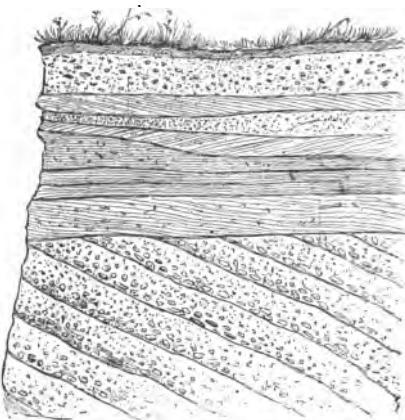
One day, after the bare face of the rock had been exposed to rain, hail, and snow for years, all the pores in its surface were filled with water. Then the frost came, freezing the water, which, expanding, split the rock into pieces, some of which fell on the ground around it, while others rolled down the mountain side.

I was part of a fragment which rolled down the slope until it was caught by a gurgling rill, that carried it down to the bed of a river, where it rested for a time.

One dark, cloudy spring morning the river was swollen by heavy rains; its current became very swift. I was very much frightened. The little stone which had been worn by the water was rudely shaken from its resting-place and carried for many miles down to the sea, about which the

rock had frequently spoken, and where I had so often longed to go. But the ocean treated it roughly, beating it about by its waves, and grinding it against the rocks until it broke into tiny grains of sand. I am one of those grains of sand.

I do not know how long I shall stay here or



what I shall do next. Perhaps I shall be taken up by the waves and washed upon the sandy beach. I should like to stay here to mingle with the sand which the rivers wash from the rocks and soil, and

become part of a large sandstone rock which will be slowly built, layer upon layer.

Some day this rock will lift its head above the surface of the ocean, and I shall be able again to look upon the beautiful world I love so well.

It is a long journey from the mountain top to the bottom of the sea, up to the earth again; but some sand grains of my acquaintance have made the trip many times. I wonder how old I am.

14. ISLANDS.**FRINGING ISLANDS.**

The young reader of this book has learned that mountain tops decay, and that rain, frost, and roots of plants wear away the rocks. The storms grind the mountains into sand. The rushing waters carry the sand thus made free to shallow places in the sea near the shore.

The little rills that fret the hillsides carry their loads of dirt and sand, and thus help the river currents to build up land in the sea near the shore. By and by the land appears in points or bunches above the water, as seen in the picture. These are called fringing islands.

How queer it is to think that the mountains and hills that look to us so solid and secure are being carried away!

What a wonderful worker is water! It dissolves the solid rock, and carries the broken parts off into the sea. With these it makes islands and continents. When I see the muddy stream after this, I shall think of what the water is doing.

DELTA ISLANDS.



How many of you can tell what a delta is? Before you try to answer, suppose you read the lesson that explains how a delta is made (p. 45).

It sometimes happens when a delta is being

made that the rushing torrent of water, in its mad haste to get to the sea, will break from the regular channel, and seek another route. When this is done, a new channel is sometimes formed for the stream.

Portions of the land may thus be cut off from the main body of the delta. These, because they are surrounded by water, are called islands, and because they have once been parts of deltas are called delta islands.

In the cut you may see some representative delta islands. Do you think you can tell what a delta island is? If you were sailing among islands, do you think you would be able to know a delta island from a fringing island?

RIVER ISLANDS.



Do you see the picture of an island in the cut above? Can you tell how the island came to be

where it is? The water flows so swiftly past it that loose dirt and sand are carried away. So it could not have been made as the fringing islands are made. It was not carried there by the water of the river or the brook. Yet the water made it by cutting it off from the mainland.

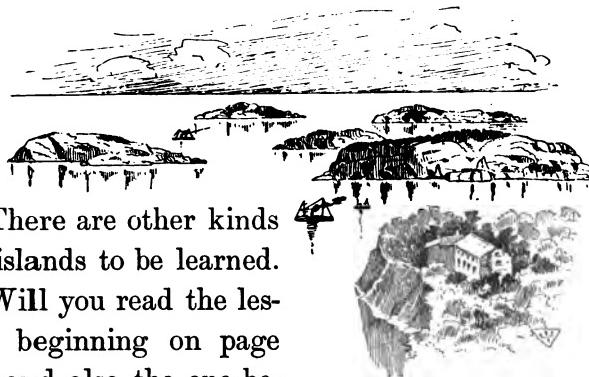


It began to be an island long, long ago, when the stream which separates it from the mainland was very, very small. As the stream grew larger, the channel was cut deeper and broader until the piece of land was distinct enough to be called an island. It was once a part of the mainland, and was cut off from it just as the delta island was cut off from the delta.

This is a river island. You have seen many such, I am sure, though some of them may have

been small. Sometimes a river island is built up by the water of the stream which carries sand from the hills above, and drops it down to make an island.

UPLIFTED ISLANDS.



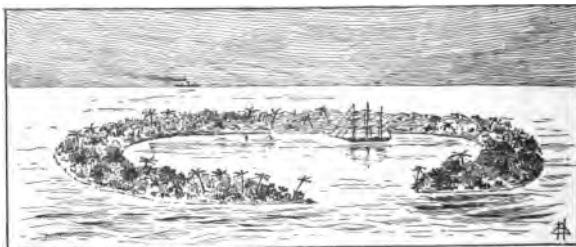
There are other kinds of islands to be learned.

Will you read the lesson beginning on page 25, and also the one beginning on page 27? You now know how a geologic formation is made, and how, after long ages, this formation may be tilted and upheaved, or raised up to make mountains and hills.

Now sometimes this tilting and upheaving or lifting up takes place before the lake or sea has been entirely filled up. Then it happens that some parts of the tilted land appear above the surface of the water, as you see in the picture above. These are islands that are known as uplifted islands. Sometime they may be pushed higher up

than they now are. The large, flat islands would then become broad highlands or plateaus. The steep, rocky islands would become mountains or very high, craggy hills. There are many uplifted islands in the sea.

HOW CORAL ISLANDS ARE MADE.



“Beautiful isle of the sea,
A smile on the face of the waters.”

See this queer little island in the midst of the sea, covered with plants of brightest green and groves of the beautiful cocoanut palm.

Is it not wonderful to think that the same kind of little creatures that made Nellie’s necklace have helped to build this island?

On the page opposite is a picture of some of these little animals at work.

They look like the pretty little asters that brighten our fields in summer.

These curious little animals, resembling small, jelly-like sacs, float about in the ocean until they fasten themselves upon a rock that may be a part of some island. The island may not have its top lifted out of the water.

Then they open their little, star-shaped mouths, and begin to work, taking lime from the water and storing it away in their sacs. Of this a rocky framework for their bodies is made.

As they increase in size, buds and branches grow from them, and become other polyps, just as branches grow from the stems and other branches of plants. Thus they grow, one from another, branching in all directions. When they die, they leave their limestone skeletons. These become a part of the rock, and other polyps grow upon them.

Millions of them work in this way for centuries before we see above the water the crest of the rocky fringe made of their skeletons.



Floating bits of wood and seaweed, caught by the rock, decay and mingle with the coral, which is broken into small pieces by the waves, as well as by the frost and the rain. These form soil, in which seeds borne by the winds and waves find a resting-place and begin to grow.

Thus the island is fringed with the skeletons of myriads of little polyps.

“So the little coral workers,
By their slow and constant motion,
Have made those pretty islands
In the distant, dark blue ocean.”

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and the goldfish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow ;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow.

The water is calm and still below,
For the waves and winds are absent there ;
And the sands are as bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.

There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea ;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.

And life in rare and beautiful forms
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe where the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own.

—JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

Write in your own language a description of “The Coral Grove.”

Commit to memory, for recitation in the class, the poem, “The Coral Grove.”

| | | | |
|------------|-------------|-----------|------------|
| necklace | creatures | curious | resembling |
| themselves | star-shaped | increase | branches |
| framework | centuries | skeletons | limestone |
| fringed | floating | distant | constant |
| mullet | goldfish | changeful | billows |
| absent | motionless | yellow | scarlet |
| tending | upland | sporting | bowers |
| sporting | wrathful | amid | spirit |

15. PEBBLES.

“I am a pebble and yield to none,
Were the saucy words of a tiny stone.”

Here are some pebbles taken from the bed of a brook near where it enters the river, to be lost in its waters. Let us find many more pebbles, and bring them to the class to be examined. No two are alike. They are not only of different shapes and sizes, but are of different colors. Some are smoother and brighter than others.

Do you not also see that some are harder than others? So much variety in a handful of little stones! How wonderful and interesting it is!

If we go up stream from the place where these were picked up, we shall find that the pebbles are larger and that they are not so smooth. At length we find them mere rough stones, so large that only very swift-running water can move them.

Going up the stream still farther, we find where it tumbles over the hard rocks. Who has not seen such waterfalls? Slowly, by the action of the water, and freezing and thawing, year in and year out, portions of rock are broken off and fall into the stream below. These are of many shapes and sizes.

Now the smaller pieces begin a journey down stream. Every flood carries them farther on their way. As they go, their rough faces are made smooth and their sharp edges are worn off by hitting against each other and grinding on rocky banks and boulders in mid-stream? Sometimes they are cast far upon shore or thrown among the roots of trees, where they take long rests before continuing their journeys. Would you not like to write the history of a pebble for me?

“Did you ever, ever play
Skipping pebbles on the bay?
Skipping pebbles as on wings,
As the swallow dips and sings?”

different interesting thawing boulders

EACH AND ALL.

I thought the sparrow’s note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even.
He sings the song, but it pleases not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky:
He sang to my ear,— they sang to my eye.

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

MARINE (SEA) PEBBLES.

Look at the picture above.

Hark! Can you not hear the noise and roar of the ocean? What makes the noise? A great part of it is made by the perpetual grinding of the pebbles. In some places this bed of pebbles is several feet deep. The whole mass of pebbles is moved to the very bottom every time the waves come in and go out. The soft ones are being ground to dirt or sand; the hard ones are being rounded, smoothed, and made beautiful. Where do the pebbles come from? The sea makes them. The rocks of the cliff, weather-beaten, and broken by the rains and the frosts, fall into the water below. The waves

carry them out and back, out and back, grinding them against other pieces, until they are worn to dirt or made into the beautiful forms that you see.



SEASHORE.

“Hark to the roar,
On the rocky shore,
 Of the blue waves, bounding high ;
How they foam and dash,
With a mighty crash,
 Where the tangled seaweeds lie !

“Rising and dancing,
Like a war-steed prancing,
 And hurriedly rushing on,
The briny deep
Doth its roaring keep
 The frothy shore along.

“When many a sail
That has weathered the gale,
 Is bathed in the pale moon-rays,—
On such a night
’Tis a glorious sight
 O’er the boundless sea to gaze.”

16. COAL.

How nicely little Nell toasts her bread before the open grate, and how puss enjoys watching the flames leap from the coals to play with the draughts of air passing up the chimney!



Let us draw a little nearer the cheery blaze to listen to the story of the coal.

In the "once upon a time" of ages and ages ago, many

plants such as mosses and ferns, which then grew to be small trees, sprang up from a marshy piece of land near the seashore.

While drinking in water with their roots and tossing their branches in the air, these plants were busily gathering, through their leaves, treasures from the sunlight and storing them away in their roots, stems, and foliage.

In the course of time the trees, with their imprisoned sunlight, died and fell to the ground, their places being taken by other plants and trees that went through the same processes.

Although saved from complete decay by the water of the bog, the roots, trunks, and leaves became blackened, softened, and matted together in a thick, spongy mass, called peat. Peat, you know, may be used for fuel, after it has been cut into blocks and dried in the sun.

After this black peat bed had been formed to the depth of twenty or thirty feet, the sea rose and overflowed it, burying it beneath a thick layer of sand, mud, and ground-up rock.

The waves and sand did a useful thing; for, instead of destroying the peat, they, assisted by the heat of the earth, caused it to harden under the heavy weight until it was changed into a bed of coal.



One day, owing to the wrinkling of the earth's crust or to some other cause, the ocean flowed away, and other peat bogs and coal beds began to form.

In time other plants sprang up in the sandy mud and soil cast up by the sea, so that the coal beds were completely hidden from sight.

But the story is not yet ended, for the coal had to be gotten from the earth.

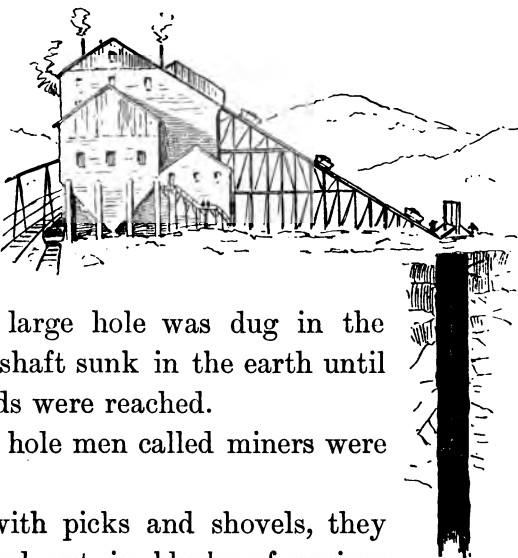
For this purpose, a large hole was dug in the earth, or a shaft sunk in the earth until the coal beds were reached.

Into this hole men called miners were lowered.

Armed with picks and shovels, they dug the coal out in blocks of various sizes, which they sent to the top of the shaft in buckets raised and lowered by means of machinery.

After reaching the top, the coal was loaded on cars, on which it was taken away to places where it was sold.

Nellie's papa bought several tons, a part of which is now glowing before us. The light which it gives is the imprisoned sunlight stored in the trees of past ages.



17. GLACIERS.

The clouds laden with moisture, as you know, are driven by the wind toward the land. The high mountain tops condense the vapor, making it fall to the earth.

Because these high regions of land are so cold, they cause a much greater deposit of moisture than is made in those parts of the earth that are lower, and because these high mountain regions are so



very cold, the moisture falls as snow.

So much snow falls that it is very deep. So deep is it that it is only partly melted by the summer sun. The summer sun melts it just enough

to pack it and make it almost as solid as ice. Upon this sheet of ice the snows of another winter fall, to be melted and packed by the warmth of the succeeding summer.

You know how a snowball is melted and packed by the warmth and pressure of the hand. The warmth of the sun melts the snow; then it is packed by its own weight.

Now, when there are many, many layers, this great sheet of ice is too heavy and too slippery to remain on the mountain tops or on their sides, so it begins to creep slowly down into the valley. This sheet of ice is a glacier.

Slowly it moves down between the mountains, scraping their sides. It cracks and is broken as it is wedged in between the mountains, so that great fissures or openings are made in it.

Rocks are rolled down from the mountain sides on this great sheet. Some fall to the bottom through fissures or great cracks that are made. Thus many rocks are deposited at the bottom of the glaciers. These go creeping along the mountain sides and the valleys, scraping off the loose particles and powdering the rocks, sometimes ploughing great ditches in the softer places over which they pass, or scooping out broad basins which, when filled with water, become beautiful lakes.

Many other rocks that fall from the mountain sides are carried by the glacier on its surface.

As the glacier descends from the mountain heights, it meets with warmer weather, when the snow and ice begin to melt and flow off as water.



This water is muddy, and as it flows along into the valleys beneath, or into the lake or into the ocean, the mud is deposited at the bottom.

A geologic formation or a formation of the earth's crust is thus, after many, many years, built up, not unlike the way a formation is deposited at the bottom of the sea. Then, too, as the ice melts away, its load of stones and great boulders is left on the land.

Such piles of stones and boulders may be seen

in many parts of our country. These, when deposited in great quantities, are called moraines.

Many gravel banks, in which are found stones of various sizes, are moraines, having been left there by the glaciers.

If you will visit some of these gravel banks, you may find there some stones that will show the scratching they have received in their long journeys down the valleys under the weight of a river of ice.

ICEBERGS.



When this river of ice, or glacier, runs into a lake or the sea, sometimes great portions of it are broken off, and float out into the water before they have had time to be melted. These are icebergs.

You have read about icebergs. Perhaps, if you have ever crossed the Atlantic, you have seen one. The great icebergs out in the Atlantic, about which you have read or have been told, were formed way up on the mountain tops by the thawing and packing of the snow. They were many, many years in forming. They have come down, slowly grinding their way through the valleys, powdering the rock and making dirt of it, carrying on their backs great moraines, until, venturing too near the ocean, they have been broken off, and now float away to be lost in its waters.



18. THE UNWEARIED SUN.

You have learned in the lessons on "Vapor" in the Third Reader that water may be changed to vapor by heat, and that a great deal of heat comes from the sun to the earth, making vapor of water or evaporating it, or drying it up, as we say.

The sun lifts the water from the seas and the lakes, from the rivers and the brooks, from the meadows and the roadsides.

The vapor is formed into clouds, and is driven by the winds over the land portion of the earth. The clouds meet with cold waves or blasts of air

and give up their vapor, letting it fall to the earth as rain, snow, or hail.

You have learned that the surface of the earth covered by seas and lakes is three times as large as the land surface. You know how quickly the sidewalk dries in the sunshine. How great must be the evaporation of water from so large a surface of sea and lake! You have learned that the rains and the frosts dissolve the rocks and the mountain tops, and how the rivers of ice, or glaciers, tear the mountains down and grind them to dirt.

You have learned that the waters that fall from the clouds run away as brooks or rivers over the land or under mighty glaciers, and carry the broken fragments of rock, the sand, and the dirt off to the sea or the lake, and you have learned that at the bottom of the sea the mud and sand and ashes with sea-animals are forming into solid layers, to be lifted above the surface of the water, driving it away to lower places. Thus do the land and the water change places.

The change is made very slowly. A delta may be made in a short time—a few years; an island may be lifted above the waters of the sea in a night by the breaking of a portion of the earth's crust, or by an earthquake, as we say, but it takes

long, long ages for the mountains to decay and for the waters to carry them off to the ocean.

Do you not see that the sun causes most of this change ? What a worker is the sun ! He deposits heat in the coal which is let free, and by which we are warmed when it burns in the grate. He lifts the waters to the heavens, that they may wash the mountains to the sea. How wonderful is the work of the sun !

“The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator’s power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.”

“The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree ;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

“You friendly Earth ! how far do you go
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles ?

“Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all ;

And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
 A whisper inside me seemed to say,
 ‘ You are more than the Earth, though you are
 such a dot:
 You can love and think, but the Earth cannot.’ ”



FOR REVIEW WORK.

| | | | |
|------------|-------------|----------------|------------|
| islands | minerals | representative | machinery |
| centuries | blithesome | mainland | boundless |
| vegetation | basin | draughts | marshy |
| fissures | treasures | o'er-curtained | foliage |
| penetrates | obstacles | hill-sides | processes |
| material | projecting | geological | complete |
| fertile | sediment | upheaving | blackened |
| alluvial | eternity | curious | peat |
| scarred | current | tilted | wrinkling |
| crystal | alphabet | polyps | crooked |
| delta | beautiful | millions | shovels |
| sub-soil | appropriate | different | sulphur |
| thousand | wonderful | conversation | sea-weeds |
| pores | gargling | swift-running | moisture |
| thawing | promontory | frequently | succeeding |
| alder | restlessly | sandstone | journey |
| crevice | marine | acquaintance | glacier |
| dissolving | fringing | perpetual | powdering |
| reservoir | dissolves | weather-beaten | psalm |
| preachers | seashore | jelly-like | loneliest |

II. PLANT LIFE OF THE EARTH.

1. THE LIFE OF PLANTS.

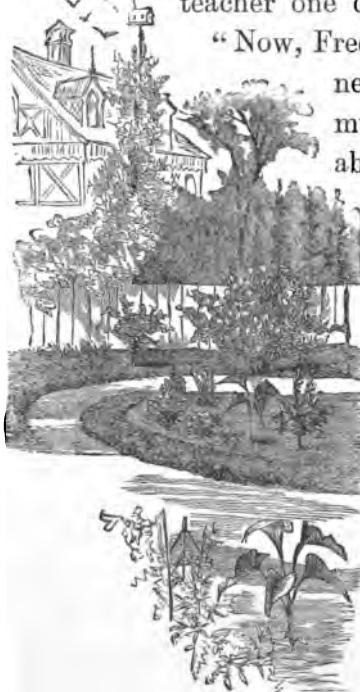
"How interesting it is," said Fred, "to watch the gardener in the park! In some places he sows seeds, in others he sets young plants. Then he trims and digs about the trees that have been there for years."

"Will you tell me about this, Uncle John? Do some plants die with summer? Could he make those little plants live through the winter if he wanted to do so?"

His Uncle John had an engagement that afternoon, so he could not spend the time just then to talk with Fred, but he promised to tell what he could about the life of plants the very next day.

Uncle John had another reason for putting off his talk till a future time. He wanted Fred first to find out all he could for himself, and thus cultivate the habit of investigation. He knew that a boy becomes stronger if he does all he can possibly do for himself before he asks others to help him.

He therefore told Fred to find out all he could for himself in the meantime. Fred thanked his uncle and promised to visit the vegetable garden, the flower garden, and the park. He thought too that he had seen something on this subject in one of the books he had borrowed from his teacher one day.



"Now, Fred," said Uncle John the next afternoon, "how much more do you know about the life of plants to-day than you did yesterday?"

"Mr. Brooks, the gardener at the park, told me many things of interest, uncle. I then went to the vegetable garden to learn what I could there."

"Well, what did Mr. Brooks say about the life of plants?"

"He has some beautiful morning-glories, verbenas, and nasturtiums in bloom. I asked him if he could keep these

plants all winter if he wanted to do so. He laughed as he said, 'No, no, my little boy! These plants have very short lives. As soon as their seed matures they have done their work. They will die then.'

"'But, Mr. Brooks,' I said, 'if you cover this bed of pinks, or that pansy-bed, so that the roots do not freeze, you will have flowers from these plants next year.'

"'That is very true,' he said. 'The roots of this kind of pink and of pansies will live to send up new shoots next year. The roots of many plants live year after year, although their stems die. Every spring they send up new shoots which bear leaves and flowers.'

"'Plants whose roots live year after year are perennials. All trees and shrubs are perennials.'

"'Plants whose roots do not live through the year are annuals. Annual means year by year.'

"'Many useful as well as ornamental plants are annuals.'

"'To have these plants one must sow or plant the seeds every year.'

"In the vegetable garden, uncle, I saw beets and carrots in bloom. Those in our garden are not in blossom."

"You have done well, Fred. I am much pleased

with what you have learned. But the gardener could have told you much about the life of a beet."

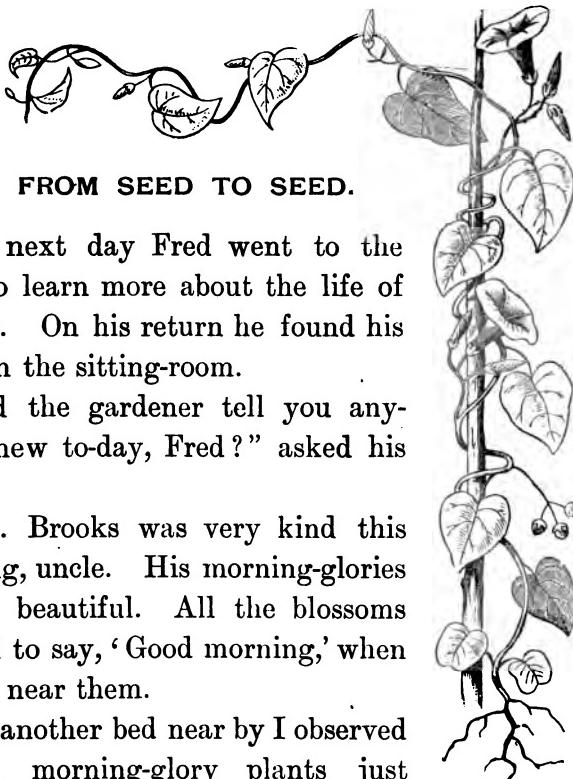
"He had gone to tea, so I did not wait for him. I thought you would tell me."

"So I will, Fred. This plant grows from the seed, but does not blossom the first year. The gardener sows the seeds of the beet in the spring. The fleshy root furnishes us much food during the summer. Then in the fall, before the frosts come, the gardener pulls those that are left, and stores them away for winter use."

"But where does he get his seed for the next year?"

"That is what I wanted you to ask. You saw beets in bloom in the vegetable garden, did you not?"

"Well, at the time the gardener sowed the beet seed he also set some of last year's beets in the ground. These fleshy roots have life in them. All that is necessary to make them grow is to put them into rich, warm, moist soil. When thus set in the ground, the second year they send up shoots which blossom and bear seeds. As soon as the seeds ripen, the plant dies. So you see it takes two years for the beet to do its work. Its life is never more than two years long. The carrot, the turnip, and many other plants are like the beet.



2. FROM SEED TO SEED.

The next day Fred went to the park to learn more about the life of a plant. On his return he found his uncle in the sitting-room.

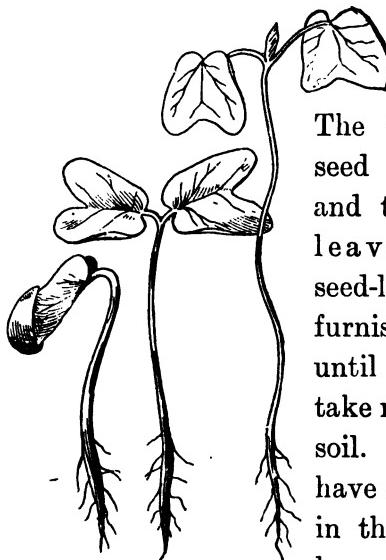
"Did the gardener tell you anything new to-day, Fred?" asked his uncle.

"Mr. Brooks was very kind this morning, uncle. His morning-glories looked beautiful. All the blossoms seemed to say, 'Good morning,' when I went near them.

"In another bed near by I observed several morning-glory plants just peeping out of the ground.

"Mr. Brooks told me to dig up some seeds that were planted only two or three days ago. The black seeds had swollen so that they were much larger than when he planted them. I have brought

some of them with me to show to you, uncle. But how surprised I was when I split one of the seeds! There lay the baby plant in the seed. It seemed to be a tiny stem having two small leaves at one end. Then the gardener took one of the plants out of the ground to show me. The stem had grown long; at the end there were many thread-like roots. The tiny leaves had absorbed the food laid up in the seeds, and were throwing off their seed-coats.



"Here, Fred," said the gardener, "is an older plant.

The thick parts of the seed have turned green, and they look much like leaves. These are the seed-leaves which help to furnish food for the plant until the roots are able to take nourishment from the soil. All seeds do not have as much food stored in the seed for the seed-leaves to absorb."

"Holding another plant in his hand, the gar-

dener said, ‘This plant has passed through all the changes which you have noticed. The seed-leaves are dead. The plant now has strong fibrous roots. The heart-shaped leaves have long petioles. At the end of the stem is a bud. This is the growing point which shoots up and puts forth more buds which open into leaves and flowers.’

“These three plants are just like those Mr. Brooks showed me.

“On a larger and older plant was fruit which the gardener opened to show the seeds which were turning black. The vine was turning yellow. This showed that it was dying. Its life was short, but it had accomplished its work.”

“Well done, Fred! You have learned much in your visit with the gardener.”

Plant beans. Watch them grow.

Write the story, telling what you observe.

Tell what Fred learned about the morning-glory.

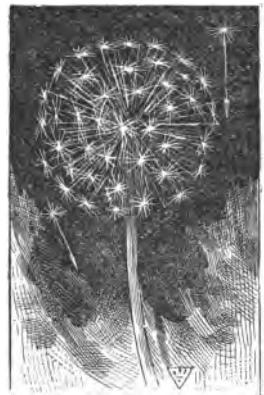
Compare the growth of the morning-glory with that of the bean.

| | | | |
|----------|--------------|----------|---------|
| gardener | noticed | ground | swollen |
| absorbed | nourishment | absorb | forth |
| observed | accomplished | dying | split |
| fibrous | heart-shaped | petioles | dying |

3. HOW SOME PLANTS FIND NEW HOMES.

“Seeds,” continued Uncle John, “are curious things. Dry and shrivelled, they look as if there could be no life in them. But they are not dead. Fast asleep, they lie waiting for the warm, moist soil to awaken them. Have you ever noticed seeds travelling through the air, Fred?”

“Many times, uncle; but I never thought about it. Are they made to take journeys through the air?”



“Carefully examine the seeds of the dandelion. Fastened to each tiny seed are threads of down which look like little plumes or wings. The slightest breeze carries these seeds up into the air, above the tree-tops; they then sail away, far from the place in which they grew. By this means the seeds of the thistle and the dandelion have been carried from one country to another.

“The seeds of the milkweed have larger and prettier plumes than those of the dandelion.

“In the autumn the pods containing the ripe seeds of the milkweed burst. Watch them as

they are shaken by the wind. The seeds fly out of each pod like frightened birds from a nest, filling the air with their plumes of silk.

"The seeds of many trees are provided with wings, which assist them in travelling through the air in search of new homes. Compare the wings on the elm, the maple, different they other! Is not

"How much ple-seed look under wings of hopper! Don't like the un- the grass- you think, too, that the seed-pod resembles the thorax of an insect? I am glad to know about these seeds, uncle. I shall observe seeds more closely than I have done."

"Many seeds are provided with hooks, which catch in the coverings of animals passing through thickets.

"Birds help also to scatter seeds. Do you know how they do it?"



continued shrivelled thistle milkweed
provided assist assemble thickets

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP.

“ You think I am dead,”
The apple-tree said,
“ Because I have never a leaf to show —
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull, gray mosses over me grow !
But I’m all alive in trunk and shoot ;
The buds of next May
I fold away —
But I pity the withered grass at my root.”

“ You think I am dead,”
The quick grass said,
“ Because I have parted from stem and blade !
But under the ground
I am safe and sound
With the snow’s thick blanket over me laid ;
I’m all alive and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here —
But I pity the flower without branch or root.”

“ You think I am dead,”
A soft voice said,

“Because not a branch or a root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plumpy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers.”

—EDITH M. THOMAS, in ST. NICHOLAS.

patient pity stoop droop alive

4. HOW PLANTS LIVE.

How withered this beautiful foliage plant looked this morning! Its leaves drooped. It seemed to be dying.

It was dying; dying of thirst too. There was no moisture in the soil about its roots.

Mamma gave it all the water it could drink. How refreshed the plant looks now! Mamma did not wet the leaves. How did the water go from the root to the leaves to quench their thirst?

Let us discover for ourselves how the water travels through all parts of the plant, for every part must have water.

Here are a lump of sugar, a piece of tape, and a glass of water. Let one end of the tape touch the water while the other end lies on the stand.

Now hold the lump of sugar so that one side touches the water. What do we observe? Slowly

but gradually the water is creeping to every part of the lump of sugar. Now every grain of the sugar is wet.



Observe also that the water has crept

nearly to the end of that piece of tape.

Watch a burning lamp. What is it that burns to give so bright a light? Is it not the oil which creeps slowly up the wick?

How does the water go to every grain of a lump of sugar? How does it reach every thread of the tape? What causes the oil to travel to the top of the wick?

The sugar, the tape, and the wick are full of fine openings, or pores, leading all through them. As soon as liquid touches one part it finds its way through all the openings, although it must climb upward to do it.

The roots, stems, and leaves of plants are

full of little passage-ways branching and dividing until the margins of the leaves are reached. Through these cells the water finds its way.

Let us take a plant from the soil.

The root has its trunk and branches, although the underground trunk and branches never bear leaves and buds.

At the ends of the roots or fibres are the mouths of the plants. To see them one must examine the roots with a microscope or a magnifying glass.

These tender roots work their way through the dark, damp soil, sucking in the moisture. The water which the plant drinks from the soil contains nourishment. It is plant-food.

This plant-food passes from cell to cell through the roots, up the stem, until it gets to every cell in the leaves just as water travels through sugar or salt. At least no one knows of any other way for moisture in the soil to reach the leaves.

What becomes of the moisture that goes to the leaves, did some one ask?

The roots, stems, and leaves use all they need for nourishment. What they do not use, the leaves give back to the air.

The leaves are the lungs of the plant. They breathe in the air and send out a mixture of air and water. One does not see this moisture, be-

cause it is in the form of vapor. Much of the moisture in the air comes from plants as well as from the breath of animals.

The roots furnish the plant with much food which they absorb from the soil, but the leaves are its principal feeders. Plants cannot live without much air and light.

How does water travel from the root to the leaves?

| | | | |
|------------|------------|---------|-------------|
| foliage | withered | quench | sugar |
| gradually | fibres | wick | nourishment |
| microscope | magnifying | mixture | principal |

5. THE SLEEP OF PLANTS

Girls and boys who use their eyes know that plants eat, drink, breathe, and move. But have they ever caught plants napping?

Perhaps not, for boys and girls are sleepy when plants are. Most plants do not sleep in the day-time. Until darkness comes they continue to work.

Isn't it strange? Girls and boys can sleep in the daytime if very weary; most plants cannot.

Therefore, if one wishes to see the sleeping leaves, he must visit them after dark. He must

by lamplight examine the leaves, which he has observed by daylight, to see the differences between leaves wide awake and fast asleep.

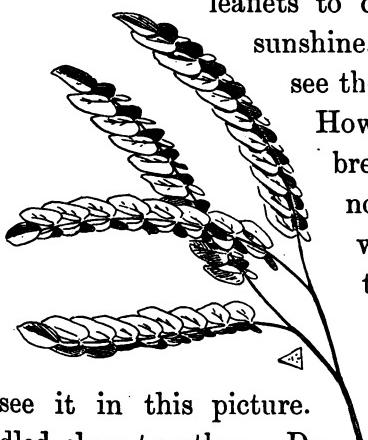
If one would know the different positions leaves take in sleeping, he must observe them.

The leaves of some plants stand to sleep as horses sometimes do; others droop or lie close to each other like little animals.

During the day locust leaves spread out their leaflets to catch the air and the sunshine. They look as you see them in the first picture.

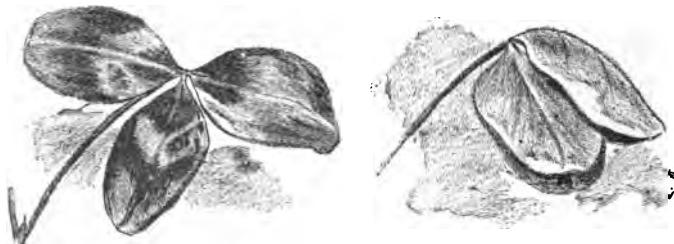
How hard they work to breathe the pure air which nourishes the tree! No wonder that they are tired when night comes!

After dark the same branch looks as you see it in this picture. Do the leaflets are cuddled close together. Do you not think they look sleepy? How refreshed they look after a



sleep like this! Young leaves like young animals sleep more and cuddle up more than older ones do.

Have you ever seen the common white clover leaves fast asleep? It is a curious-looking leaf



then. The outer leaflets fold their upper faces toward each other so that they almost touch.

The centre one bends over them like a cover or cap. How they cuddle!

Do the leaves of all plants change so much in sleep?

Oh, no; the leaves of many plants change so little that one can see very little if any difference in their position.

Even some plants that close their leaves when they sleep, do not change the position of their leaves if shaded very much during the day. They seem like people who spoil their sleep at night by sleeping half the day.

Do winds and storms keep plants awake?



"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Mr. Darwin has told us of a plant that he watched. He says that it did not cuddle down to sleep for two nights after being violently shaken by the wind.

Plants do not sleep well if they are thirsty.

So it is, plants as well as persons must be comfortable to rest well.

If one would have his house plants thrive, he must let them have air and sunshine. He must give them plenty of water at the proper time, neither too much nor too little.

It will give our little friends much pleasure if they will watch the leaves and the flowers in the evening as well as in the daytime.

6. CLIMBERS.

“Uncle, have you ever noticed climbing plants?” asked Fred one day after he had learned many interesting things about plants in his visits with the gardener.

“I think there is something very wonderful about the twisting and the twining of these plants. At first one imagines them to be nothing but a tangle of stems. But that is not true.

“There is a regular twist, for the stems of the same kind of plant all coil in the same direction. They never forget and turn backward, though the coil of some plants is from right to left, whereas the coil of others is in the opposite direction — from left to right.

“But this is not the only strange thing about climbing plants. Some of the buds of these plants produce long thread-like stems having neither leaves nor flowers. These the gardener calls tendrils or leafless branches.

“Imagine my surprise, uncle, when I learned this fact, for I thought a bud always produced either a leafy branch or a blossom.

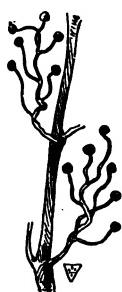
“But the buds of some climbing plants produce tendrils, which seem like long clasping arms, coiling tightly around everything they can touch.

No person, uncle, could twist and tie these tendrils into such knots as they tie themselves.

"Besides this, some of the leaf-stalks are so long that they serve as tendrils, twisting themselves once around the support, securely fastening the plant in its place."

"Do all climbing plants twist or coil around objects?" asked Uncle John.

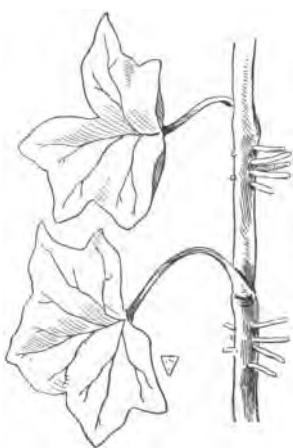
"Oh, uncle! why do you ask a question like that? Don't you know how beautifully the Vir-



ginia creeper climbs a wall? This plant sends out tendrils composed of many branches. The end of each branch swells into a sticky or gum-like pad. These gum-like pads cling to any surface which is somewhat uneven.

"The stem continues to grow, sending out tendrils with thickened ends which fasten the plant as it climbs upward.

"If the little sucker-like pads fail to fasten themselves to some surface, they remain small, and finally wither away.



"The ivy has a still different method of climbing. This plant sends out short root-like parts from the joints of the stem. These rootlets fasten themselves to rough surfaces."

"To-morrow, Fred," said Uncle John, "I want you to tell me what you have learned about strawberry stems."

What stems coil from right to left? what from left to right?

What is a tendril?

Describe the tendril of the Virginia creeper.

Compare a tendril of the Virginia creeper with a tendril of the grape vine.

How does the ivy fasten itself to rough surfaces?

| | | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|------------|-----------|
| support | climbing | creepers | fastening | sucker |
| twining | taught | coil | opposite | Virginia |
| twisting | regular | wither | continues | thickened |
| imagines | tightly | knots | strawberry | securely |

MY WINDOW-IVY.

Over my window the ivy climbs,
Its roots are in homely jars ;
But all the day it looks at the sun,
And at night looks out at the stars.

The dust of the room may dim its green,
But I call to the breezy air :
“Come in, come in, good friend of mine !
And make my window fair.”

So the ivy thrives from morn to morn,
Its leaves all turned to the light ;
And it gladdens my soul with its tender green,
And teaches me day and night.

What though the dust of earth would dim ?
There’s a glorious outer air
That will sweep through my soul if I let it in,
And make it fresh and fair.

Dear God ! let me grow from day to day,
Clinging and sunny and bright !
Though planted in shade, thy window is near,
And my leaves may turn to the light.

— MARY MAPES DODGE

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh ! a dainty plant is the ivy green.
That creepeth o'er ruins old ;
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim ;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he !
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak tree !
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations scattered been ;

But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past ;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

— CHARLES DICKENS.

| | | | |
|----------|------------|----------|------------|
| decayed | crumbled | whim | mouldering |
| stealeth | stanch | traileth | twineth |
| nations | stateliest | rare | fatten |

KINDNESS AND TRUTH.

True worth is in *being*, not *seeming*, —
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good, — not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as *Kindness*,
And nothing so royal as *Truth*.

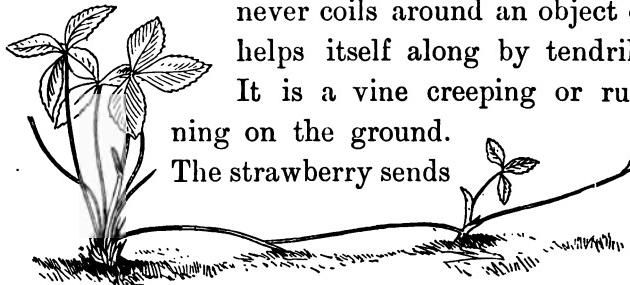
— ALICE CARY.

seeming dreaming blindness kingly royal

7. THE STRAWBERRY PLANT.

Fred was always pleased to talk with his uncle. He knew that if he interested Uncle John he must show him by his talks that he had used his eyes for a purpose. Listen to what he said in his next talk with his uncle.

“The strawberry stem, uncle, never climbs. It never coils around an object or helps itself along by tendrils. It is a vine creeping or running on the ground. The strawberry sends



out something that looks like a long, slender stem having a bud at the end. This slender, leafless branch is a runner.

“As soon as the bud at the end of the runner touches the soil it sends roots into the ground and leaves and runners above. Each runner may produce a new plant whereas a tendril never can.

“A few strawberry plants in a short time will cover a large surface. During the winter the runners die, leaving the young plants free.”

8. THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

“Where has my little nephew spent this warm July day?” asked Uncle John, as Fred presented him with a bouquet of field lilies.

“With my friend George Jenkins,” replied Fred. “George is spending his vacation with his uncle, who lives on a large farm two miles from the city limits.”

“Did you find this beautiful bouquet in the country?”

“Yes, uncle; Mr. Brooks has no prettier lilies in the park than those growing wild in the meadows. Do you see how beautifully the colors harmonize in these orange-red lilies? — gold and carmine blended so perfectly, then veined, shaded, and blotched with a rich seal-brown.

“George gave me a whole plant. He said that I would find the lily a very interesting study.”

“So it is, Fred. Christ said, ‘Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.’

“Every one, Fred, should become acquainted with the lily family. There are many choice plants in her household. Beside the great variety

of lilies, there are the hyacinths and the tulips which are so much admired in early spring.



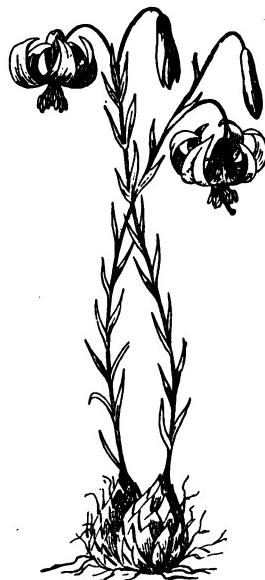
meadow. The flower is the most showy part of the plant."

"It has but one flower-cup, uncle. This must be the perianth; for if a flower has but one cup, it is called the perianth."

"That is true, Fred. The bell-shaped perianth of the lily consists of six petal-like divisions united below and recurved above. At the base of each petal or sepal is a furrow containing nectar. Within the perianth are six stamens and one pistil.

"Its long, leafy stem, bearing one or more showy flowers, grows from a bulb."

"Do all lily plants have parallel-veined leaves?"



"Certainly, Fred. In shape they are much like grass leaves, only broader. On this plant the leaves are alternate in arrangement, but on some kinds the leaves grow in pairs or in whorls. On other kinds the leaves grow from the short stem in the bulb, which sends up from the centre a leafless flower-stalk."

"Where is the bulb, uncle? I thought this a fleshy root."

"The lily, Fred, has fibrous roots growing from the base of its short stem. These fibrous roots absorb moisture containing plant-food, which is stored up in the bulb. The bulb, which is often taken for a root, is an underground bud, composed of many thick, leaf-like scales overlapping one another like the shingles on a roof."

"The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

"Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her orange vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her glowing breast."

"New buds form in the axils of the leaf-scales. Every year one or more of the buds in the centre

of the bulb grow, feeding upon the food laid up in the scales.

"Lilies are raised from seeds only when one wants to obtain new varieties. Many (lilies) plants are produced by means of the bulb-scales.

"The scales are broken off and placed in a box of soil. This is done in autumn. The earth is kept at a temperature of 50° or 60°; by spring each scale may have produced one or more small bulbs. The boxes are then set in the ground. In two or three years the bulbs are large enough to produce flowers.

"In the axil of each leaf of the orange-red lily is a bulblet. These bulblets, when mature, fall to the ground, take root, and produce new plants."

Would you like to know what the ancients believed to be the origin of the red lily?

"It is said that a very excellent young goddess, Sylvia, who was as fair as she was good, had a poor opinion of Jupiter, who loved her.

"Jupiter, not accustomed to such rebuffs, treated the young lady rather roughly. Such rudeness so shocked the fair goddess that her nose began suddenly to bleed. From a few drops of blood which fell upon the ground, the red lily sprang up."

Describe a white lily, a tulip, or a hyacinth.

Compare a lily bulb with an onion.

| | | | |
|----------|------------|---------|-------------|
| nephew | harmonize | carmine | blended . |
| blotched | consider | arrayed | hyacinths |
| tulips | perianth | bulb | embrace |
| latent | loveliness | vernal | temperature |



LITTLE WHITE LILY.

Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.

Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed ;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, " It is good ;
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily
Dressed like a bride !
Shining with whiteness,
And crownèd beside..

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.

Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup ;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty,
To have fresh rain.
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool ;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet ;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain !
Little white Lily
Is happy again !

— GEORGE MACDONALD.

LILY'S BALL.

Lily gave a party,
And her little playmates all,
Gayly drest came in their best,
To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose
Sat and never stirred,
And, except in whispers,
Never spoke a word.

Snowdrop nearly fainted
Because the room was hot,
And went away before the rest,
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Rose with Violet ;
Silly Daisy fell in love
With pretty Mignonette.

But, when they danced the country-dance,
One could scarcely tell
Which of these two danced it best —
Cowslip or Heatherbell.

Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,

I thought I'd never seen before
So many pretty faces.

But, of all the pretty maidens
I saw at Lily's ball,
Darling Lily was to me
The sweetest of them all.

And when the dance was over,
They went down-stairs to sup ;
Each had a taste of honey-cake,
With dew in a buttercup.

And all were dressed to go away
Before the set of sun ;
And Lily said "Good-bye," and gave
A kiss to every one.

Before the moon or a single star
Was shining overhead,
Lily and all her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

—FUN AND EARNEST.

Write the story of Lily's Ball in your own language.

daffodil

mignonette

heatherbell

Quaker

cowslip

country-dance

SPRING.

The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls ;
The willow buds in silver,
For little boys and girls.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet ;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm, red clover,
There peeps the violet blue ;
O happy little children,
God made them all for you.

9. THE POTATO.

"To-day, uncle," said Fred, "I have been thinking about what I saw the gardener doing last spring. Then he cut Irish potatoes into small pieces.

"I remember now that he said he was preparing seed. He planted these pieces of potatoes.

Now his potato vines are covered with white, bluish white, and handsome light purple blossoms.



"Yesterday the gardener pulled up one of the plants. There were many potatoes hanging from the strong fibrous roots. Clinging to the main stalks of the roots were the dried pieces of potatoes which were planted in the spring.

"This is what puzzles me, uncle. Why are not potatoes raised from the seeds which come from the blossoms?"

"That is a very good question for you to ask, Fred. But first you must understand that the

Irish potato is not a root. It is an underground stem, having many buds on it. Such underground stems are tubers.

"The potatoes which you saw were not hanging to roots but to stems. Beside the roots there are many of these underground stems, the ends of which swell into tubers. You noticed that some of the tubers were large and others small, did you not?

"If one examines the young tubers closely he will find leaves represented by scales. When the potato is full-grown these scales fall off, leaving a scar. A leaf dropping from a stem, you remember, leaves a scar.

"In the axils of these unformed leaves are found the buds for next year's growth, sometimes called the eyes of the potato.

"When the gardener prepared the potato for seed he was very careful to have every piece contain a bud surrounded by pulp.

"After the tubers are prepared in this way all that is necessary is warm, moist soil for each little bud to produce a new plant. The pulp furnishes the plant with its first food just as the seed-leaves of the bean furnish food for the plant until its roots are strong enough to take food from the soil."

"How strange, uncle, that I did not think of

this before! I knew that many plants came from buds, but I never thought that the potato could be a stem. So when we eat potatoes, we eat stems, not roots."

"An underground stem, Fred, bears buds from which new plants grow. A root never bears buds."

"Are potatoes ever raised from the seed?"

"Certainly they are. The seeds are sown in a hotbed in February or March. As soon as the frosty nights are over the plants are set in the ground. New kinds or varieties are produced from the seed.

"Sometimes potato plants are produced by cuttings from the stems which root readily when placed in hotbeds.

"The common way, however, is by cutting the tubers and planting them."

"Is the sweet potato a stem, too, uncle?"

"The sweet potato is a fleshy root much like the beet. It has smooth, creeping stems which bear leaves of many different shapes. Its flowers look much like those of the morning-glory."

"How are new plants obtained, uncle?"

"The fleshy root is cut into halves lengthwise. The cut side is placed on a bed prepared for it in the hot-house and covered with three or four

inches of rich soil. Sprouts soon start from these roots. As soon as the sprouts are large enough they are broken off and set in the ground.

“The roots soon become large and fleshy.”

What is the difference between an underground stem and a root?

| | | | |
|----------|------------|-----------|-------------|
| potato | preparing | tubers | represented |
| February | surrounded | varieties | unformed |



Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall ;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Hath left His Hope with all.

—J. G. WHITTIER.



10. THE BANANA.

One evening George Jenkins was seated by the table reading. Soon his mamma placed on the table a fruit basket containing apples, oranges, and bananas.

The fruit looked so tempting that George laid his book aside. He took a delicious-looking banana from the basket.

"See what fine fruit this is," said he, looking into his mamma's face. "I wish I could see bananas growing. Will you tell me how they look when growing? Do they grow on trees?"

"Perhaps you would like to know how the tree grows," replied his mamma. "That is more won-

derful even than the fruit. Many shoots grow from the roots of old trees," continued his mother. "These shoots are cut off and set in rich, moist earth. They root in the ground just as geranium slips root in sand.

"Each shoot sends up two leaves tightly rolled together. Indeed, so closely are they rolled that they look like a round stem coming from

the ground. When this green roll is two or three feet above the ground, it unfolds at the top, appearing as large blades or leaves.

"These leaves are soon followed by others which curl around them. It must be remembered that these leaves always grow in pairs.



"In a short time the petioles of the leaves form a smooth trunk eight or ten inches in diameter.

"The plant looks much like a tree, although the trunk is nothing but petioles packed closely together; the branches being only large, strong leaves."

"It must be an odd-looking tree," said George.

"When the tree is nine months old a deep purple bud appears in the centre of the plant. This bud sends up a strong shoot, the end of which looks like a huge purple heart hanging from the top of the tree.

"In a short time the purple covering falls off. What do you think one sees now? Rows and rows of buds arranged around the stem. Each little bud opens into a yellow, waxen blossom."

"It must look beautiful, too, hanging among the large green leaves," said George.

"The blossoms toward the end of the stem wither and drop. The others containing pistils become bananas. At first each banana is a tiny green pod which grows to be from six to fourteen inches long. It becomes a thick, fleshy fruit cylindrical in form with tiny black seeds scattered throughout the centre of the pulp. The pulp is covered with a thick, tough rind which is easily removed when the fruit is ripe.

"The cluster contains several hundred bananas which hang from the now withering stem."

"How heavy the cluster must be, for one banana is quite heavy!" exclaimed George.

"So it is. The bunch when ripe weighs from eighty to one hundred pounds.

"Bananas are picked when green. If they were not we never should have them here. Do you know why?

"The green bunches are hung where it is cool, or what is better, are buried in the earth until they are sent to market.

"You have seen this fruit in the fruit stores no doubt! Have you noticed the rows of bananas on the long stem? Did you see that the bananas in each row are in groups or small bunches? Each one of these small

bunches is called a hand. Do you know how many fingers each hand has? Try to find out the next time you visit the fruit store."

"But what becomes of the banana tree, mamma?" .



"Oh, if it is not cut down the large stem and leaves wither and die. The root lives to send up new shoots which are cut off and set in the ground to produce new plants."

"Is the banana tree an annual, a biennial, or a perennial plant?"

"In hot countries where bananas grow plentifully, the people use them for food. They have bananas for breakfast, dinner, and supper."

"I should think they would tire of them."

"Oh, no, for they use them in many different ways just as people in this country use flour.

"The fruit is cut into strips and dried in the sun, after which it is ground into flour."

"Do they make banana biscuit and banana bread?"

"The young shoots which come up from the roots are eaten as greens sometimes, just as spinach, the leaves of beets or dandelions are used.

"The juice of the leaves is made into a brown or a black dye which is used for coloring cloth.

"Grass-cloth is made from the long, tough threads which can be stripped from the leaves."

"I think the banana tree is wonderful. Who would have thought it so useful a plant? The people in those countries where it grows must prize it very highly," said George.

"I will write in good order all I can remember about bananas."

bananas tempting delicious huge biscuit
hundred cylindrical eighty pounds spinage
breakfast plentifully market countries stripped

11. THE COCOA-PALM TREE.

George showed so much interest in the study of the banana that Mrs. Jenkins procured a fine large cocoanut for the subject of conversation for the following evening.

As George entered the sitting-room on his return from school, he saw this strange-looking fruit lying near the fruit-basket. Taking it in his hand, he said, "I should like to know about this too. Is it the fruit of the cocoanut-tree? Will you tell me about it after tea, mother?"

"I will do so with pleasure," replied Mrs. Jenkins.

"Are you ready now?" said George, laying aside his pen and paper as his mother seated herself in a large arm-chair by the table. "I think this fruit must be as interesting as the banana."

"The cocoanut is the fruit of the cocoanut-tree.

The cocoanut-tree is one of the best known, as well as the most useful, of the palm-trees.

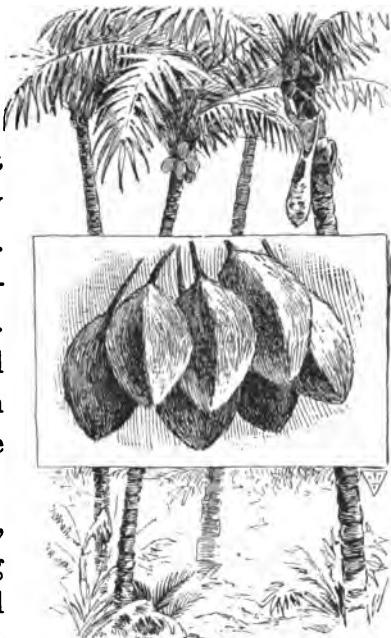
"The cocoa-palm is found in nearly all tropical countries. It thrives best in a sandy soil near the sea-coast.

"The tree, which is from one to two feet in diameter, grows to a height varying from sixty to one hundred feet. Here is a good picture of it," said Mrs. Jenkins as she opened a large book which was lying on the table.

"Its cylindrical, gradually tapering trunk is crowned with many leaves from eighteen to twenty feet long."

"Is it a branchless trunk?" asked George, looking at the picture.

"Its leaves are all the branches it has, and these are always at the top. From five to six new leaves grow every year. The old ones drop



off, leaving horizontal scars, which ornament the trunk."

"It must be a beautiful tree, with its crown of feather-like leaves!"

"The flower-buds grow from the axils of the leaves. The buds, which grow in clusters, are enclosed in a thick, tough calyx called a spathe.



"The spathe, which soon falls off, opens from the under side, as represented in the picture.

"Each little bud in the cluster opens into a three-parted, milk-white blossom, which turns yellow after a few days. The blossoms near the base of the cluster containing pistils become cocoanuts. The others wither away.

"During rainy seasons the tree continues to blossom once in six weeks. Each cluster ripens from five to fifteen nuts, so that in favorable seasons from eighty to one hundred nuts may be gathered from a single tree.

"The ovoid nut is covered with a thick, fibrous husk which protects the seed. The inner shell is very hard.

"The shell is lined with a thick white meat,

which is the kernel of the nut. The kernel is sweet and very oily when ripe.

"The green nut contains from one to two pints of rich liquid, which is nearly all absorbed by the kernel while ripening. As the nut ripens, the liquid remaining becomes tasteless.

"What are those three black scars at the apex? One I can pierce with a pin; the others are very hard, so hard that I cannot pierce them.

"The one that can be pierced with a pin contains the germ which extends throughout the kernel. As the germ grows, the stem comes through the scar, and the shell splits.

"In planting, great care is taken to place the end of the nut containing the scars uppermost. Sometimes the seed does not begin to grow for six months or even a year after planting; then again it is seen sprouting while lying under the tree, with its husk still green.

"The tree grows very slowly during the first two years. It does not bear fruit until it is seven or eight years old, but continues to bear until it is seventy or more years of age.

"The South Sea Islanders claim that the cocoa-palm has a hundred uses.

"After the tree ceases to bear fruit, the wood becomes very hard. It is then cut down, to be

used for building ships or huts; for making furniture or farming utensils.

"The wood is reddish in color, beautifully marked with dark lines. It is imported into England under the name of porcupine wood.

"When fresh, the leaves are cooked and eaten as cabbage. The dry leaves are plaited together to form a covering for the roofs and sides of houses. The leaves are used also for fans, hats, and writing paper.

"Paddles and arrows are made of the midribs of the leaves. The lateral ribs are used in making brooms; the finest ones, for making combs.

"The fibres of the husks being stripped off and soaked several months in water, so that they may be easily separated, are twisted into ropes or woven into mats.

"The rope, which is very strong and light, floats on the water, but does not rot when wet. It is stronger and more elastic than hemp rope.

"Cups, goblets, plates, and ladles are made of the shell, some of which are beautifully carved.

"The kernel or albumen is used for food. The oil obtained from the albumen is very valuable. It is used in cooking and for fuel. Soap, which makes an excellent lather in sea water, is made from the oil.

"From the flower-buds a delicious drink, known as toddy, is obtained. If allowed to sour or ferment, the toddy becomes palm-wine or vinegar.

"Sugar is made from the toddy by boiling it.

"Do you wonder that the South Sea Islanders prize the cocoa-palm so highly?"

Write in good order all you have learned about the cocoa-palm.

Compare the cocoa-palm tree with the banana-tree.

| | | | |
|-----------|-----------|----------|-----------|
| cocoanut | tropical | spathe | favorable |
| pierce | furniture | utensils | imported |
| porcupine | carved | alumen | lather |
| toddy | ferment | vinegar | excellent |

THE PALM-TREE.

Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm ?
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm ?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath,
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palm are its spars and rails,
Fibres of palm are its woven sails,
And the rope is of palm that idly trails!

What does the good ship bear so well ?
The cocoanut with its stony shell,
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,
But hollowed nuts filled with oil and wine,
And the cabbage that ripens under the lime ?

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm ?
The master whose cunning and skill could charm
Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

In the cabin he sits, on a palm-mat soft ;
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed ;
And a palm-thatch shields from the sun aloft !

His dress is woven of palmy strands,
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his hands,
Traced with the prophet's wise commands !

The turban folded about his head
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,
And the fan that cools him of palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
 Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
 And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one !

To him the palm is a gift divine,
 Wherein all uses of man combine,—
 House, and raiment, and food, and wine !

And, in the hour of his great release,
 His need of the palm shall only cease
 With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

“Allah il Allah!” he sings his psalm,
 On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm ;
 “Thanks to Allah who gives the palm ! ”

—J. G. WHITTIER.

| | | | |
|----------|-----------|---------|----------|
| steereth | spars | rails | trails |
| nargileh | bounteous | beaker | scroll |
| prophet | turban | wrought | daintily |
| divine | raiment | release | shroud |



Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
 From loneliest nook.

—HORACE SMITH.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

There went three kings into the East,
Three kings both great and high ;
They had declared in solemn oath,
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head ;
And they declared in solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong ;
His head was armed with pointed spears,
That none should do him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Showed he began to fail.

His color sickened more and more,
He faded into age ;

And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They took a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore ;
They threw him up before the wind
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe ;
And still as signs of life appeared
They tossed him to and fro.

— ADAPTED FROM ROBERT BURNS.

Why was it so hard to kill John Barleycorn ?
Is any other plant protected with spears ?
Find a head of wheat ; of oats ; of barley . Study
each .

Write in good order the uses of each kind of grain .

| | | | |
|----------|-----------|----------|---------|
| solemn | clods | plough | sore |
| sickened | enemies | weapon | rogue |
| forgery | cudgelled | darksome | heaved |
| marrow | scorching | farewell | crushed |

12. CERES MOURNING FOR HER DAUGHTER.**I.**

In olden times, when people believed in gods and goddesses, there was one whom they called Ceres. The goddess Ceres had the care of the crops and the harvests over all the earth. She was, therefore, the goddess of agriculture.

Ceres had one very beautiful daughter, whose name was Proserpina. The goddess was so fond of her child that she seldom let her go into the fields alone.

One morning Ceres said, "My child, the season is very backward. I must go far away to-day to attend to the growing grain. While I am away you may go to the seashore to play with the sea-nymphs, but do not wander far away into the fields." Donning her turban of scarlet poppies, and kissing her daughter good by, Ceres stepped into her car drawn by winged dragons.

Proserpina watched her mother as she swiftly rode away. Then, singing a merry song, she hastened to the seashore. At the sound of the maiden's voice the sea-nymphs rose from the water, shaking the sparkling drops from their sea-green ringlets. They brought beautiful shells of many

colors from the ocean-bed. These they made into a necklace for Proserpina.

II.

Wishing now to gather flowers to make wreaths for her playmates, she asked them to go with her into the fields. But the sea-sprites did not dare to leave the water. They promised to rest on a soft bed of sponge till the little girl should return.

Proserpina ran quickly to the place where only the day before she had, with her mother, picked a beautiful bouquet. This day the flowers seemed wilted, so she wandered farther and farther into the fields. She filled her apron with the choicest blossoms that she could find — fragrant pinks and violets, blushing roses, and hyacinths.

As she was about to return to the seashore, she beheld a short distance from her a large shrub covered with the most beautiful flowers that she had ever seen. She had only a moment before looked at that very spot, but no shrub was then in sight. Yet there it was.

Proserpina started toward it, though she felt half afraid to touch it. Finally, laughing at her fears, she plucked some of the blossoms for her wreaths.

Admiring its beautiful foliage, she decided to

take the plant home. She pulled and pulled — at last she tore it from the earth, leaving a large hole in the ground, which seemed to grow wider and deeper.

Suddenly four jet-black horses darted through the opening, drawing a golden chariot, in which sat a man with a crown on his head. His garments were covered with diamonds, which glistened in the sun. The man's face was dark and gloomy. Proserpina, too much frightened to run, screamed for her mother.

The man tried to quiet her. He told her that his name was Pluto — that he was king of the world beneath.

“Do not be afraid of me,” he said. “I will not harm you. Will you ride with me in my chariot of gold? I will show you my home. All the gold and silver that lies in the earth, the copper fields and the coal mines belong to me. You shall have diamonds for playthings.”

But Proserpina still cried for her mother. Pluto seized her and placed her by his side in the chariot.

He then pulled the reins and told the horses to go. So fast did they go that it seemed to Proserpina as if they were flying through air. In a moment they were out of sight of the maiden's home.

III.

In their journey they passed a field in which Ceres, half hidden by the waving corn, was at work. Proserpina cried aloud, but her mother saw her not.

In a short time the road grew rough ; there were great rocks on either side ; now the way seemed more dismal than ever.

At last they reached King Pluto's palace, which was made of gold with windows of crystal. The palace was lighted with lamps of diamonds and precious stones of many colors. Yet how dismal it seemed to the child !

"Oh, King Pluto !" she cried, "take me back to my mother ! I cannot remain here !"

In vain Pluto tempted her with every dainty dish his cook could prepare. Proserpina would eat nothing, knowing if she did that she could not return to the upper world.

When Pluto's chariot rushed past the field in which Ceres was, the goddess was so busy that she did not see it. However, she heard Proserpina's screams. She at once stepped into her chariot and hastened home. Finding the house deserted, she went to the seashore. There she found the sea-nymphs waiting for the maiden's return.

Ceres was much frightened at the story of the sea-nymphs. Lighting a torch, for it was now night, she started out to find her child.

Nine days and nights she wandered about, so changed in looks that no one knew her. Neither gods nor men could tell her anything about the lost child.

Finally she visited the sun-god, who saw everything. He, after thinking a moment, told Ceres that Pluto ten days ago had carried Proserpina to the lower world, to be his queen.

Ceres now gave up all hopes of seeing her daughter again. She resolved that nothing should grow on the face of the earth until her daughter was restored to her.

So all things, grass, grain, and flowers, withered. The earth grew more and more dismal.

IV.

Ceres continuing her wandering came one day to a palace in which a little prince lay sick. The king and queen begged her to care for the child. Ceres took the boy in her arms. She cared for him night and day, and soon the prince became strong and healthy.

She still remained in the king's palace. At last Jupiter, pitying the people because the earth

yielded no fruit, sent Quicksilver to urge Pluto to let Proserpina return to her mother.

Just before Quicksilver entered the palace, King Pluto's servant had given Proserpina a pomegranate which he found in the upper world.

It was so withered and dry that the maiden refused to touch it. But the servant said it was the only one he could find. When Proserpina was alone, she thought she would take the pomegranate in her hand. As she did so she became hungry, and was biting it as Pluto and Quicksilver entered the room. She returned the fruit to the plate, but some of the seeds were left in her mouth.

Pluto now told her how much she was missed in the upper world. He said that he should be lonely without her, but that it was not right to keep her any longer. Proserpina was very glad to go, yet sorry to leave Pluto alone. Quicksilver hurried her away, fearing Pluto would change his mind.

Mother Ceres was sitting on the doorstep when suddenly her torch went out. Very much surprised, she looked up and saw grass and flowers springing up about her. Before she could speak Proserpina was in her arms. Mother and daughter shed many tears of joy.

After a time Ceres asked her daughter if she had eaten anything while in King Pluto's palace.

Then Proserpina told her mother the whole story.

It grieved Ceres because Proserpina had eaten the pomegranate seeds. For, said she, "My daughter is only in part restored to me. For each pomegranate seed she must spend one month of every year in King Pluto's palace."

But Proserpina comforted her mother by saying that she should be very glad to make King Pluto happy if she could spend a part of the time with her dear mother.

This is the story of Ceres that Mrs. Jenkins told George after he had learned much about wheat, corn, and barley. She wanted George to see how people in olden times studied *Nature*.

Mrs. Jenkins said that this story described the changes of summer and winter. The sorrow of Ceres was the gloom which fell upon the earth during the cheerless months of winter. The outburst of spring was the return of Proserpina in all her radiant beauty. The time which Proserpina must spend in Pluto's palace of darkness represented that portion of the year in which the germ of the seed lies dormant.

| | | | |
|-------------|------------|-------------|----------|
| agriculture | sea-nymphs | ringlets | wilted |
| dainty | resolved | restored | wandered |
| refused | grieved | pomegranate | radiant |

THE SEED.

“ As wonderful things are hidden away
 In the heart of a little brown seed,
As ever were found in the fairy nut
 Of which children sometimes read.

“ Over its pretty shining coat
 We sprinkle the earth so brown,
And the sunshine warms its lowly bed,
 And the rain comes dropping down.

“ Patter, patter, the soft, warm rain
 Knocks at the tiny door,
And two little heads come peeping out,
 Like a story in fairy lore.

“ One is the Radicle creeping down,
 At first but a wee white root ;
The other the Plumule ; above the soil
 It sends up a little green shoot.

“ Steadily up toils the slender stem,
 And only its work it heeds ;
A leaf appears, buds, blossoms, and fruit ;
 Last of all come the little seeds.

“ Then its work all done, if an annual,
It has had its brief, bright day,
And now at the touch of the Frost-king’s breath
It withers and fades away.”

radicle plumule lore patter wee

13. THE SECRETS OF FLOWERS.

Flowers have their secrets, as well as insects. Shrewd little traders they are, too, understanding well what is for their advantage.

They welcome the honey-gathering insects ; they flaunt the gayest of banners ; they don the most brilliant dresses ; they breathe sweet messages of invitation ; they pose in the most coquettish attitudes, drooping their heads with such charming modesty, or smiling with such sunny frankness, that the insects cannot help understanding that they want to be friends with them. What is the meaning of all this coquetting ?

To understand this well, we must know a few facts about plant life.

The golden grains of pollen which flowers produce must fall upon the sticky stigma, must pierce its tissue, and glide down the slender tube of the

style into the ovary, where, entering the tiny ovules or unfertilized seeds, they will make them fertile ; that is, able to produce new plants when they ripen and fall to the ground.

But a plant can produce stronger and healthier seeds if it is fertilized by the pollen of another plant of the same kind, rather than by its own pollen.

You know plants cannot go about on their own errands ; they must remain quiet in one place, working busily to change mineral matter—air, earth, and water—into plant matter for the use of animals ; for animals, with all their superiority, cannot use mineral matter for food, but must depend on plants to do that for them.

So the plant, if it wishes to have strong seeds, must call to its aid its friends, the wind and the insects.

You have noticed that over the tassel-like flowers of willows, poplars, and oaks, so plentifully sprinkled with pollen, insects do not hover ; neither bright color nor fragrance is present to tempt them. The friendly wind, however, less particular about gay color and sweet odor, generously sways the branches of these trees, and so wafts the pollen from one to another.

But in most flowers, hidden away in some gland

or spur within the flower-cup, is a tiny drop of honey designed to tempt insects. Now an insect, to get the honey, must first brush past the anthers, in doing which it usually rubs off some of their pollen.

As the insect always prefers to go from one flower to another of the same kind, that it may get the same sort of honey, if it can only leave the first flower without touching the stigma, it will, on entering the second one, be apt to lodge this pollen on its stigma, thus causing the flower to make stronger seeds than it otherwise would.

As the honey-drop, therefore, is so valuable to the flower, we shall not be surprised to find that it tries to guard it from all harm. While the flower is growing, Nature wraps the green calyx close about it, overlapping its sepals, and often folding the petals alternately in and out, that no insect may get in till the stamens, pistils, and the precious honey-drop are all formed. And then she has all sorts of devices to protect the honey-drop.

The daisy, on the approach of rain, shuts its fringes tightly over its little yellow florets, that the rain may not enter and spoil the honey; at night it does the same, because the insects adapted to enter and rob it of its honey without touching the anthers fly in the night, while those adapted to

brush off its pollen in their search for sweets, fly in the daytime.

The evening primrose opens its flowers just as the daisy closes its eyes, and breathes forth such a sweet perfume that the evening moths, whose structure is suited to this flower, are not long in finding this out and in paying their compliments.

The lily-of-the-valley and other bell-shaped flowers droop their heads to protect the honey from storms.

The stems of other flowers are beset with thorns and bristles or coated with a gummy matter which entraps creeping insects, as the ants, which would gladly get honey, but whose bodies are too short to reach the pollen while they are sucking the honey.

Still more quaint are the devices of some of our flowers for getting their pollen from other plants instead of using their own.

We will notice three of these.

You have all gathered the pretty wild geranium, and perhaps you remember that this flower has five purple petals, ten stamens, and one pistil, which, when ripe, shows a five-cleft stigma.

Around this pistil is a cluster of silken hairs, whose use is to point to, as well as to protect, the



honey-bags at the base of the stamens, toward which all the veining of the petals also points.

When the flower opens, all of the ten stamens lie upon the corolla, so that no bee could get the honey; but soon five rise and cling to the pistil, permitting the bee to reach some of the honey-bags, in doing which it brushes off the pollen from the raised stamens. A little later, these fall, and the other five rise, enabling the bee to suck the remainder of the honey, and compelling it to brush off the remainder of the pollen. At last, when all the pollen is gone, and it is impossible to use any of it in this flower, the stigma opens; and when the next bee enters the flower, seeking honey, it brushes pollen from a younger and more vigorous flower upon the stigma of this one.



The wild violet also has a shrewd way of making the bee pay for all it gets. One of the petals of this modest, drooping flower has a spur, in the tip of which, as well as in the bases of the two stamens enclosed within it, the honey is concealed.

The orange-colored anthers, closing tight about the stigma, which protrudes a little way beyond them, form a little box into which the dry pollen-dust falls, so that if this ring of anthers were parted, the pollen would fall out of its box upon the stigma. Now if a bee approaches the violet, guided by the veins and markings, which all point to the spur, it lights upon the stigma, shakes the slender style, parts the anthers, and receives a shower of golden pollen-dust, which, after gathering the honey with its long tongue, it carries to another violet, brushing it right against the stigma.

And now let us look in the garden some day in September for the brilliant salvia, or scarlet sage. Its corolla is two-lipped, like that of the snapdragon. It has two strange stamens, in each of which a short filament supports on its top a swinging bar with a pollen-bag at one end. The bee must pass between two such swaying anthers to reach the honey. In doing this, it knocks the anther from a nearly vertical to a horizontal position, receiving a shower of pollen on its back which, as the bee withdraws, does not hit the undeveloped overhanging pistil.

But when, in search of honey, this bee enters an older flower whose full-grown pistil now bends

down low, it cannot fail to brush some pollen against the stigma. Is not the salvia an ingenuous flower?

Shall we not prize our flowers all the more now that we know that their forms, colors, and fragrance have a purpose?

Geologists tell us that the first flowers which the earth produced had no bright colors or fragrance, for there were then no insects to visit. But gradually, as the insect world appeared, flowers put on their gay dresses and their charming manners to welcome them, so that each might be helped.

Do the flowers or the insects reason about it? Do they know that a great poet has said, "We are born to do benefits"? No, they unconsciously obey a law of nature. The flower, instead of using all its forces for itself, stores away a little drop of sweetness for another, and in so doing gains strength and health.

But the law is for us, too. If we would become strong and useful, we must not think and work wholly for ourselves, but must lay up some drop of sweetness for others, sure that when it is sought we shall receive good in return.

The plant, however, does not know what it does; we may choose to do what it does unconsciously.

And so the great German poet, Friedrich Schiller,
has given us these beautiful words :—

“ Seek’st thou the highest, the greatest ?
In that the plant can instruct thee.
What it unwittingly is, be thou
Of thine own free will.”

Shall we not, then, “ of our own free will,” like
the plants, try to become mutual helpers ?

— RETTA A. HOYLES.

—————

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

They tell the story of a man
Who roamed the wide world over,
And spent his whole life trying hard
To find a four-leaved clover.

For this once found would bring him peace
And happiness forever,
And so he roamed and sought in vain ;
He found the treasure never.

Till, coming home, a tired old man,
Discouraged and downhearted,
He threw himself upon the ground.
But quick again upstarted,

For there, before his own house door,
And spread the whole field over,
Were growing fragrant bunches of
The long-sought, four-leaved clover.

Dear heart, there comes the truest joy
To those who seek it never ;
And happiness, in duty's field,
Rewards the doer ever.

—N. EARLE, in "YOUTH'S COMPANION."



BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured.

* * * * *

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path —
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath.

* * * * *

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell.

* * * * *

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear,
They were born to blush in her shining hair.

—MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

III. ANIMAL LIFE OF THE EARTH.

SOME OF THE CAT FAMILY.



1. THE CAT.

In Mrs. Johnson's delightful home during the long winter evenings, the hour between seven and eight o'clock was known as the children's hour. Mrs. Johnson had two children whom she loved dearly. · Harry was eleven years old, Kate, his sister, being two years younger.

The first part of the children's hour was usually spent in examining some object in Natural History; then stories relating to the subject were either read or reproduced by the children.

One evening, as the family was seated around the sitting-room table, Harry said, "To-morrow we shall be required to tell all we can about the cat family. Miss Holden asked the pupils to investigate and gain as much information on the subject as possible. Will you help us, mamma?"

"It will give me much pleasure to assist you," replied Mrs. Johnson. "The cat family includes the lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, lynxes, and wild-cats. These animals are really nothing but huge cats. All members of the family resemble one another very closely, in every particular, except in size. They vary in size, however, from the kitten on the hearth-rug to the huge African tiger, which is nearly eight feet in length and four and one-half feet in height."

"Eight feet long! That is one-half the length of our sitting-room. Wouldn't you like to see the African tiger?" asked Kate.

"Not unless he was fastened in a strong iron cage," answered Harry.

"Since these animals are so much alike," continued Mrs. Johnson, "if one studies the domestic cat, he will know much about her wild cousins—the cats of the forests."

"It seems so funny to talk about kitty's cousins! But come, Malta," said Kate, lifting her pet Mal-

tese kitten from the Persian hearth-rug, "you may lie on this soft cushion between Harry and me. We want to know about your wild cousins, so we will study you. Now stretch out your long, slender body, so Harry can measure you.

"Your body, pussy, is covered with soft, beautiful fur, which protects it from heat and cold. In stroking you, one should be very careful to rub from the head, not toward it, because your hairs are all set in the skin so as to point toward the tail. It hurts you to turn the hairs in the opposite direction."

"Now let her jump, Kate. How easily and gracefully she springs! How lightly she falls to the floor! Why can she spring so quickly, turn somersaults, and always light upon her feet?"

"Her backbone is made for springing. It curves easily in every direction. Then those strong muscles which show in ridges through the long, loose coat assist her. Carefully examine the bottom of each foot," said Mrs. Johnson.

"How soft they are! Her feet are padded. There is a soft cushion under each toe, and one under the middle of each foot. Of course she can walk quietly with cushions for shoes," said Harry.



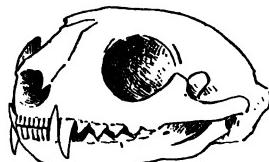
"Do you know how many toes she has?" said Kate. "I have counted them. There are eighteen toes—five on each fore foot and four on each hind foot; ten and eight are eighteen.



"There is a sharp, curved claw in each toe, too. If I press her foot or hurt her in any way, she shows her claws. She uses them, too, in catching mice and birds."

"Yes, Kate, they are concealed in her soft velvet paws, ready to be thrust with cruel strength into her victim's flesh. If angry, she is sure to use her claws. This is true of her wild cousins, too," said Mrs. Johnson. "Because the cat can thrust out her claws and draw them back just as she chooses, her claws are said to be retractile. Retractile comes from the word retract, which means draw back. If she did not keep her nails concealed, they would soon become too dull for use.

"Here," continued Mrs. Johnson, as she opened a box standing on the table, "is a cat's skull. The huge cats of the forests have teeth like those of the cat, only they are much larger and stronger."



"I think those two long-pointed teeth in each jaw must be for tearing flesh, and the thin, sharp, uneven molars for chopping or cutting it," said Harry.

"You are right. The teeth in the upper and lower jaws come together like the blades of scissors. The cat's teeth are fitted for eating flesh."

"Oh dear, dear!" cried Kate. "What is the matter with Malta's tongue? How she hurt me!"

"You should not let her draw her tongue across your hand. Pussy's tongue is covered with horny points which make it rough. The sharp, horny points, which are cup-shaped, point backwards. The rough tongue aids her in lapping milk and in removing flesh from bones."

"Are those whiskers on her face of any use?"

"Indeed, they are very useful. Whenever it is too dark for her to see well, these feelers keep her from running against things."

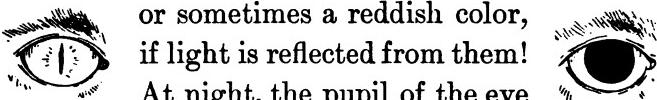
"I thought pussy could see best at night," said Kate.

"So she can. But there must be some rays of light. No animal can see in total darkness."

"The cat's eyes are keen. It is very interesting



to watch her when something attracts her attention. Watch the pupil expand as she gazes intently at the object. How the balls flash with green fire,



or sometimes a reddish color,
if light is reflected from them!

At night, the pupil of the eye
is greatly enlarged to allow all the light possible
to enter the eye.

“The cat becomes attached to places, but not to persons. She loves home. She enjoys her particular place by the fireside in winter, her sunny corner in summer, and seems quite unhappy if disturbed. She likes to sleep in her mistress's lap, as experience teaches her that she is safe there.

“Her selfish character is shown more fully in torturing her prey. Watch her after she has caught a mouse. Does she kill it instantly? Not she. She quietly knocks it over and touches it gently. There it lies lifeless through fear. Pussy crouches and waits. As soon as mousie moves, she gives it a little cuff which knocks it flat, or perhaps she lets it run a short distance, and then leaps upon it with a single bound, wounding it with her sharp claws. She calls her kittens, if she has any, and teaches them to do the same. Thus she amuses herself until she is weary, finally killing the mouse by shaking it.

"Apparently, the cat enjoys the agony of the mouse; then, too, she likes to show her power over her victims.

"But this is her nature. She knows no better. The huge cats of the forests do the same with their victims. This habit of the mouse shows how her wild nature still clings to her.

"Pet her and treat her kindly. But be careful not to arouse her anger; for then her fierce, wild nature shows itself, and one may feel her sharp nails or teeth before he knows that she is angry.

"Is not the cat well fitted for the life she leads?

"She steps so softly on her cushioned feet that she cannot be heard. Her sense of hearing is very acute. Her flexible body enables her to spring upon her prey. Her retractile claws are fitted for catching and holding her victims. Her sharp teeth are well adapted to cutting and tearing flesh, and her long tongue aids in conveying liquid to her mouth and in removing flesh from bones.

Write in good order all you know about a cat.

| | | | |
|-----------|-----------|------------|-----------|
| lions | lynxes | muscles | canines |
| tigers | domestic | ridges | scissors |
| leopards | hearth | retractile | attracts |
| pantheis | Persian | conceal | attention |
| terrified | torturing | character | reflected |

THE KITTEN PLAYING WITH FALLEN LEAVES.

See the kitten ! how she starts !
Crouches, stretches paws, and darts
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow !

There are many now ; now one ;
Now they stop, and here are none ;
What intensesness of desire
In her upward eye of fire !

With a tiger leap half-way
How she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her paws again !

How she works with three or four
Like an Indian conjurer !
Quick as he in feat of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.

Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care

For the plaudits of the crowd —
Over-happy to be proud,
Over-wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure ?

— WORDSWORTH.

2. THE DOG.

Mrs. Johnson led Harry and Kate to note many of the likenesses and differences between dogs and cats, by comparing the parts and habits of Harry's large Newfoundland dog with the parts and habits of their cats.

"The dog," said Harry, "has a long body covered with hair. He does not obtain his food by springing upon it; therefore he does not need the strong muscles which show in ridges through the loose skin of the cat's body. The dog has four toes on each foot. Each fore foot has a rudimentary toe or thumb placed above and behind the others, so that really the toes do not vary in number from those of the cat."



“ Each toe is armed with a stout, blunt, non-retractile claw fitted for digging. He does not seize or hold his prey with his nails ; therefore the sharp,

curved retractile claws so useful to the cat would be of no service to the dog.

“ The teeth of the dog are like those of the cat.

“ The dog’s tongue is long and soft, and is thin at the edges. He never uses his tongue in removing flesh from bones, hence the horny projections found on the cat’s tongue would be useless to the dog. The dog as well as the cat drinks by lapping. You have often seen the dog lap water.

“ The senses of smell, vision, and hearing are proverbially acute in each animal.

“ The dog seeks his food by daylight; the cat seeks hers at night.

“ The dog has not the cat’s selfish nature. Of all animals he is man’s most genial companion and is highly prized as a pet. Ernest Ingersoll says, ‘The real love which shines out in a dog’s eyes ; the love



which makes him follow his master anywhere and everywhere, content only to be with him, regardless of locality ; the love which makes him rise from a whipping to wag his tail and smile as a dog can ; the affection which leads him to mourn his life away on his master's grave,—is wholly unknown to the cat.'



"The dog is very useful in hunting, and in guarding his master's property. He is trained to move machinery and thus becomes



of service in churning as well as in sawing wood. The Esquimaux use the dog for draught and burden. The cat has few uses.

"The dog family includes all varieties of dogs, wolves, foxes, and jackals.

"The cat family includes the domestic cats and the huge cats of the forests."

Write a description of the dog.

| | | | |
|-------------|-----------|----------|-----------|
| rudimentary | service | vision | genial |
| companion | content | locality | whipping |
| affection | machinery | draught | Esquimaux |

3. THE SAINT BERNARD DOGS.

There are many interesting stories told of the intelligence and usefulness of these noble dogs.



The Saint Bernard dog has a large, strong body covered with long hair. His head is large, and his tail is bushy. He is sometimes called the Alpine Spaniel, because his home is among the Alps Mountains in Switzerland.

There are several roads or passes which lead over these mountains to Italy. In some places the roads are very steep and narrow, which makes them dangerous for travelers, especially during the winter.

One of the most dangerous of these passes is that of the Grand Saint Bernard. In some places of this pass one may look down over the precipice several hundred feet, while on the opposite side of the pass are high cliffs and projecting rocks. Overhanging the path are masses of ice and snow which, loosened by the violent winds and storms, fall into the path, making it at times impassable.

On the top of the mountain near this pass is a four-story stone building. It is called the Convent

of Saint Bernard, after its founder Bernard de Menthon, a good monk who lived in the tenth century.

Many good monks live in this convent for the purpose of aiding travelers. Here, too, are kept the noble Saint Bernard dogs. These dogs are trained to look for lost travelers. Every day in winter they are sent out usually in pairs—one carrying a basket of food and a flask of wine or brandy fastened to his neck, the other having a shawl or cloak strapped on his back.

By this means the weary, fainting traveler, overcome with cold or buried in the snow, is supplied with food and clothing. If the traveler can walk, the dogs guide him to the convent. If he is too weak to walk, the dogs return to the convent for help.

It is said that one of the Saint Bernard dogs saved during his lifetime forty-two persons who would have perished had it not been for him. When the dog died, his skin was stuffed and placed in the museum at Berne.

| | | | |
|-------------|------------|-----------|------------|
| precipice | projecting | loosened | impassable |
| century | museum | dangerous | several |
| overhanging | masses | violent | stuffed |
| strapped | usually | convent | fainting |

RANGER.

A little boat in a cave,
And a child there fast asleep,
Floating out on a wave,
Out to the perilous deep,—
Out to the living waters,
That brightly dance and gleam,
And dart their foam about him,
To wake him from his dream.

He rubs his pretty eyes,
He shakes his curly head,
And says with great surprise,
“ Why, I’m not asleep in bed ! ”
The boat is rising and sinking
Over the sailors’ graves ;
And he laughs out, “ Isn’t it nice,
Playing see-saw with the waves ? ”

Alas ! he little thinks
Of the grief on the far-off sands,
Where his mother trembles and shrinks,
And his sister wrings her hands ;
Watching in speechless terror
The boat and the flaxen head.
Is there no hope of succor ?
Must they see him drowned or dead ?

They see him living now,
Living and jumping about ;
He stands on the giddy prow,
With a merry laugh and shout.



Oh ! spare him ! spare him !
spare him !
Spare him, thou cruel deep !
The child is swept from the
prow,
And the wild waves dance
and leap.

They run to the edge of the shore,
They stretch out their arms to him ;
Knee-deep they wade, and more ;
But alas ! they cannot swim.

Their pretty, pretty darling !
 His little hat floats by ;
They see his frightened face,
 They hear his drowning cry.

Something warm and strong
 Dashes before them then,
Hairy and curly and strong,
 And brave as a dozen men ;
Bounding, panting, gasping,
 Rushing straight as a dart :
Ready to die in the cause,—
 A dog with a loyal heart.

He fights with the fighting sea,
 He grandly wins his prize !
Mother ! he brings it thee,
 With triumph in his eyes.
He brings it thee, O mother !
 His burden pretty and pale ;
He lays it down at thy feet,
 And wags his honest tail.

O dog, so faithful and bold !
 O dog, so tender and true !
You shall wear a collar of gold,—
 And a crown, if you like it, too ;

O Ranger ! in love and honor
Your name shall be handed down ;
And children's hearts shall beat
At the tale of your renown.

— POEMS FOR A CHILD.

Write the above story in your own language.

—oo:oo—

THE FOX.

In the rugged copse, in the ferny brake,
The cunning red fox his den doth make ;
In the ancient turf of the baron's land,
Where the gnarled oaks of the forest stand ;

In the widow's garden, lone and bare,
On the hills which the poor man tills with care,
There ages ago, he made his den,
And there he abideth in spite of men.

'Tis a dismal place, for all the floor
With the bones of his prey is covered o'er ;
'Tis darksome and lone, you can hardly trace
The farthest nook of the dreary place ;

And there he skulks like a creature of ill,
And comes out when midnight is dark and still ;

When the dismal owl, with his staring eye,
Sends forth from the ruin his screeching cry,
And the bat on his black leathern wings goes by;

Then out comes the fox with his thievish mind,
Looking this way and that way, before and behind,
Then running along, thinking but of the theft
Of the one little hen the poor widow has left;

And he boldly and carelessly passes her shed,
For he knows very well she is sleeping in bed,
That she has not a dog to give notice of foes;
So he seizes his prey, and home leisurely goes.

At times he steals down to the depth of the wood,
And seizes the partridge in midst of her brood,
And the little gray rabbit, and young timid hare,
And the tall stately pheasant, so gentle and fair;

And he buries them deep in some secret spot,
Wherein man or hound can discover them not.
But vengeance comes down on the thief at length,
For they hunt him out of his place of strength;

And man and the fox are in desperate strife,
And the creature runs and runs for his life;
And following close is the snuffing hound,
And hills and hollows they compass round;

Till at length he is seized, a caitiff stout,
And the wild dogs bark, and the hunters shout ;
Then they cut off his tail and wave it on high,
Saying, "Here fell the fox, so thievish and sly ! "

— MARY HOWITT.



4. THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

It was a sultry day. The Fox was almost famishing with hunger and thirst. He was just saying to himself that anything would be acceptable, when looking up he saw clusters of ripe purple grapes hanging from a trellised vine.

He resorted to all his tricks to get them, but did not succeed. Finding at last that he was losing his strength, and that he had little chance of getting the grapes, he turned away disappointed, saying, "The grapes are sour, and not ripe, as I thought. I do not want them."



— AESOP'S FABLES.

5. THE WOLF, THE FOX, AND THE APE.

A Wolf accused a Fox of theft, but he utterly denied the charge; whereupon an Ape undertook to adjudge the matter in question.

After each had stated his case, the Ape pronounced the following sentence:

“Wolf, I am fully satisfied that you never lost what you claim.” Turning to the Fox he said, “I firmly believe you to have done that which you so earnestly deny.”

—*ÆSOP'S FABLES.*

6. THE FOX AND THE LEOPARD.

The Fox and the Leopard once disputed. The Leopard exhibited, one by one, the various spots which decorated his skin.

The Fox, who was more proud of his wits than of his person, interrupted him at last, by saying, “Yet when all is said, how much more beautiful am I, who is decorated not simply in body, but in mind.”

—*ÆSOP'S FABLES.*

The person is of more value than his coat.

Why is the fox superior to the leopard?

THE FOX IN THE WELL.

Sir Reynard once, as I've heard tell,
Had fallen into a farmer's well,
When Wolf, his cousin, passing by,
Heard from the depths his dismal cry.

Over the wheel a well-chain hung, . . .
From which two empty buckets swung.
At one drawn up beside the brink,
The Fox had paused, no doubt, to drink ;
And, putting in his head, had tipped
The bucket ; and the bucket slipped,
When, hampered by the bail, he fell,
As I have said, into the well.
As down the laden bucket went,
The other made its swift ascent.

His cousin Wolf, beguiled to stop,
Listened astonished, at the top,
Looked down, and, by the uncertain light,
Saw Reynard in a curious plight,—
There in his bucket at the bottom,
Calling as if the hounds had caught him !

“ What do you there ? ” his cousin cried.
“ Dear cousin Wolf,” the Fox replied,

"In coming to the well to draw
Some water, what d'ye think I saw ?
It glimmered bright and still below ;
You've seen it, but you did not know
It was a treasure. Now, behold !
I have my bucket filled with gold
Enough to buy ourselves and wives
Poultry to last us all our lives ! "

The Wolf made answer, with a grin,
" Dear me ! I thought you tumbled in !
What then is all this noise about ? "
" Because I could not draw it out,
I called to you," the Fox replied.
" First help me, then we will divide."

" How ? " " Get into the bucket there."
The Wolf, too eager for a share,
Did not one moment pause to think ; —
There hung the bucket by the brink,
And in he stepped. As down he went,
The cunning Fox made his ascent,
Being the lighter of the two.

" That's right ! Ha, ha ! how well you do !
How glad I am you came to help ! "
Wolf struck the water with a yelp ;
The Fox leaped out ; " Dear Wolf," said he,

“ You’ve been so very kind to me,
I’ll leave the treasure all to you ; —
I hope ’twill do you good ! Adieu !
There comes the farmer ! ” Off he shot,
And disappeared across the lot,
Leaving the Wolf to meditate
Upon his miserable fate ; —
To flattering craft a victim made,
By his own greediness betrayed !

— J. T. THORBRIDGE.

Transform the above poem.

7. THE BEAR.

The bear is found in every part of the world except in Australia. There are many kinds of bears, differing in size and strength. They are, however, much alike in general appearance and habits.

The bear has a heavy body covered with coarse, shaggy hair. The legs are stout and massive. There are five toes on each foot, directed forward and armed with strong,



curved, non-retractile claws. It has a large, pointed head and a short, strong neck.

The teeth are fitted for eating animal and vegetable food.

The bear walks on the soles of its feet. In a fight it rears itself upon its hind feet and kills its prey by hugging or compressing it to suffocation.

It is nocturnal and very unsocial. During the fall the bear becomes very fat. In winter the bear retires to its den in some secure and sheltered place in rocks or hollow trees, curls itself up, and remains until spring, in a comparatively dormant state.

A young bear is easily tamed, and is as playful and as harmless as a puppy until it is a year old.

Bears are often kept on exhibition. In Kamtchatka, where the brown bear is common, the hide is used for beds, coverlets, caps, gloves, and shoes; the prepared intestines are used as masks to protect the face from the sun. The bones are made into lances, bows, and arrows. The fat furnishes fuel and light, and the perfumed oil is used for hair-dressing.

The bear is so well known that he forms an important character in myth and fable. In the mythology of the Norsemen he is made strong, majestic, and terrible, the god of thunder, the bearing of storms. In the East, the bear is the shin-

ing one, the luminous sky. In other places he is "the old man in the fur coat."

Science finds the "Great Bear," making its mighty march around the north pole, the most majestic object of the northern heavens.

Stories which have become classic in children's literature represent the good qualities of the bear and the amiable side of his character.

Describe the bear. Compare a cat and a bear.

| | | | |
|------------|---------------|-------------|----------|
| hugging | classic | mythology | luminous |
| unsocial | compressing | literature | dormant |
| exhibition | comparatively | suffocation | majestic |

8. THE BEAR AND THE TWO TRAVELERS.

Two men were traveling together, when a bear suddenly crossed their path.

One of the men quickly climbed a tree and concealed himself among the branches. The other, seeing that he must be attacked, fell flat on the ground. When the bear came up and felt him with his snout, the man lay as if dead.

The bear soon left him; for it is said a bear will not touch a dead body.

After the bear had gone, the traveler in the tree came down to join his companion, and, as a pleasant joke, inquired, "What was it the bear whispered in your ear?"

His friend replied very gravely, "He gave me this advice: Never travel with a friend who deserts you at the approach of danger."

Misfortune tests the sincerity of friends.

— *ESOP'S FABLES.*

Tell a story that illustrates the same meaning.

—————•—————

BIRDS.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers light and boon,
That open to sun and stars and moon;
That open to the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nests on the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now;

And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about;
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other in love they call!
“Come up! come up!” they seem to say,
“Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway.

“Come up! come up! for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer
air.”

And the birds below give back the cry,
“We come, we come to the branches high.”
How pleasant the lives of the birds must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree!
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn!
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space;

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud;
To sing in the thunder-halls aloud;

To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight
With the upper cloud-winds—oh, what delight !
Oh, what would I give like a bird, to go
Right on through the arch of a sunlit bow,
And see how the water-drops are kissed
Into green and yellow and amethyst !

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee ;
To go when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls ;
Then to wheel about with their mates at play,
Above and below and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child !

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees ;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladdened some fairy region old !
On the mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of a forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be !

—MARY HOWITT.

frolicsome skimming amethyst blossoming

9. BIRDS.

Let us study the structure of a bird, so that we may see in what respects birds differ from other animals.

The body of a bird is covered with feathers. This is one of the characteristics in which all birds agree and by which they are distinguished from all other animals. The general shape of the body is adapted to moving through the air, the trunk being compact and somewhat boat-shaped.

Look especially at the body of the duck.

A bird has two legs, consisting of parts corresponding to those of the lower extremities of man.

Where, then, are the true heel and knee of a bird?

The legs are useful in walking, hopping, or swimming. The feet are divided into toes, varying in



number from two to four, which are always armed with claws.

There are two limbs for flying or swimming, called wings. These consist of parts corresponding to the arm, forearm, and hand of man. The foremost angle of the wing is known as the head or bend of the wing.

To which part of the arm does the bend of the wing correspond?

The wing is furnished throughout its entire length with long feathers or quills. Those on the hand are the primaries, those on the forearm are secondaries, and those on the arm are tertiaries. The small feathers which cover the bases of these quills are wing-coverts.

The tail of a bird is composed of quills arranged in pairs, and serves as a rudder in flying or swimming.

The organ of sight is well developed. Birds distinguish objects at a distance readily. Most birds have no visible external ears.

The mouth is prolonged into a hard beak or bill composed of two parts called mandibles. The mandibles are movable, but are furnished with neither lips nor teeth.

A bird breathes by means of lungs. Besides the lungs there are air-sacs situated in different

parts of the body, which are connected with and receive air from the lungs.

The bones of most birds are hollow, many of them being filled with air.

The heart consists of four cavities, corresponding to the cavities in a man's heart.

Birds lay eggs from which the young are hatched.

In what respects are birds unlike other animals ?

Describe the legs, feet, and wings of a bird.

With what are the wings furnished ?

Describe a feather.

Describe the mouth of a bird.

What bones of a bird are hollow ?

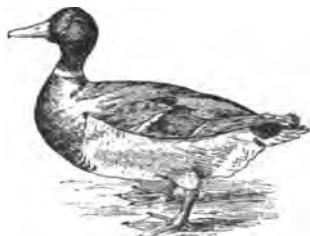
| | | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|
| distinguished primaries | secondaries tertiaries | cavities prolonged | furnished coverts |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|

10. DIFFERENCES OF STRUCTURE AND HABITS OF BIRDS.

While there is great similarity in the structure of birds, there are also marked differences between their parts and habits, which may be seen by studying the duck, the hen, and the robin.

The body of the duck, which is full and some-

what boat-shaped, is covered with a compact coat of soft, oily feathers. The short legs are placed far back and far apart on the body

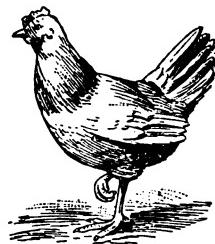


There are four toes on each foot, three in front, on the same level, and one behind, slightly elevated. The front toes are united by a web.

The duck is very fond of water, where it spends most of its time. The shape of the body is well adapted to swimming, while the compact coat of oily feathers protects the body from the water. The position of the legs and the structure of the feet enable it to move gracefully and rapidly in the water.

The swan, the gull, and many other birds have characteristics similar to those of the duck.

The body of the hen is large and heavy. The plumage is compact, but not waterproof. The short, strong legs are placed near the centre of the body. The hen can, therefore, balance itself when walking better than the duck does. There are three toes in front, on a level, but not united by a web.



The hind toe is elevated and quite short; each toe has a short, blunt nail, fitted for scratching.

The hen lives upon the ground, where it obtains all of its food. The hen seeks dry localities, avoiding all marshy places. The position of the legs and the structure of the feet are adapted to walking and to life upon the land.

The turkey, the quail, the heron, and the snipe have many characteristics similar to those of the hen.

The body of the robin is short and thick. The wings are long, and the slender legs are of medium length. There are four toes on each foot, placed on a level. The hind toe is opposite the anterior toe, its claw being as long or longer than that of the middle toe.

The robin spends most of its time in the air, and perches on trees where it builds its nest. The feet, because of the length and position of the hind toe, are well adapted to perching. The long, strong wings are fitted for flight.

These characteristics are common to many other birds, as the canary, the blue-jay, the thrush, and the eagle.

By the study of differences it is found that these birds, the duck, the hen, and the robin, differ in the general shape of their bodies; in the size,

position, and strength of their legs; in the structure of their feet, and in their habits of living.

Because of these differences in their structure and in their habits of living, birds are divided into three groups.

One group, represented by the duck, includes all birds that swim and spend much or most of the time upon the water, and is called water birds.

Another group, represented by the hen, including all birds that spend much of the time upon the land, is called land birds.

The third group, represented by the robin, including all birds that live in trees and spend much of the time in the air, is called air birds.

What are some of the characteristics of water birds? of land birds? of air birds?

similarity compact structure localities

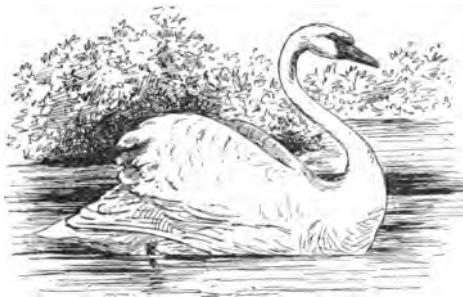
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11. THE SWAN.

The swan is the most graceful and noble bird of the waters, wherever it is found.

To see this pure snow-white creature in all the ease and beauty of her wild and retired home, is

the privilege of but few. The swan is sometimes tamed. How perfectly at home she seems on the glassy ponds of our public and private parks.



Watch her as she gracefully floats along with the slow and easy strokes of her large, black feet, which serve also as a sort of sail to catch the passing breeze. Frequently one foot is held up out of the water, as if it, then, were used to catch the wind.

What can be more graceful than that long, slender, curving neck, as the head moves slowly in every direction! Every movement of a swan is particularly slow and stately. She is a living miniature of a ship.

She never looks more beautiful than, after dipping her head into the water, she throws a shower of large drops, like so many pearls, over her ruffled and snow-white plumage.

White swans are sometimes seen in flocks passing over our Great Lakes, or along the Niagara River. Swans, like wild geese, fly high, in lines, sometimes forming acute angles ; but unlike geese, they are generally silent, making a shorter and more graceful stroke of the wings. It is a beautiful sight to see their large snow-white forms, with outstretched necks and black bills, gliding through the air, in early spring or late autumn.

The swan lays from two to five eggs in a nest made of grass, twigs, and hair. The nest is usually surrounded by water. The large, dirty white eggs have a rough shell.

Have you ever seen swan's eggs ? They cannot be called pretty.

Young swans are gray. They do not become pure white until they are five or six years old.

Australia has a black swan, and South America one with a black head and neck.

— *Adapted from LANGILLE.*

Describe the swan.

| | | | |
|---------|-----------|--------------|---------|
| retired | privilege | domesticated | stately |
| usually | gliding | miniature | noble |
| Niagara | Australia | outstretched | acute |

12. SAILOR BABIES.

Birds and birds and birds! Have you any idea how many kinds of birds there are? I am very sure you could not count them all. And such queer fellows many of them are!

There are butcher-birds and tailor-birds, soldier-birds,—the penguins that stand on the seashore like companies of soldiers, “heads up, eyes front, arms at the sides,”—and sailor-birds.

It is about one of the sailor-birds and her babies that I am going to tell you. She is called the Little Grebe, or sometimes by her intimate friends, the Dabchick. She is a pretty little bird about nine inches long, with brown head and back and grayish-white breast. She and her husband are both extremely fond of the water.

"We are first cousins to the Divers!" they sometimes say proudly. "The Divers are never happy away from the water. It is very vulgar to live on land all the time. One might almost as well have four legs and be a creature at once." (The Divers are a very proud family, and speak of all quadrupeds as "creatures.")

Mr. and Mrs. Grebe have very curiously webbed feet, looking more like a leaf with three lobes than anything else. They are excellent swimmers and divers; indeed, the Great Northern Diver himself is not so quick and alert in diving. If anything frightens them, pop! they are under the water in a moment; and one may sometimes see them in a pond, popping up and down like little Jacks-in-the-box.

Since they think the land is so vulgar, of course they do not want to bring up their children there. Oh, dear, no! They find a pleasant stream, or pond, where there are plenty of reeds and rushes growing in the water, and where there is no danger of their being disturbed by "creatures."

Then they go to work and make a raft, a regular raft of strong stems of water-plants, reeds, and arrow-heads, plaited and woven with great care and skill. It is light enough to float and yet strong enough to bear the weight of the mother-bird.

While she is building it she sits or stands on another and more roughly built raft, which is not meant to hold together long. Mr. Grebe helps her, pulling up the water-plants and cutting off the stems the right length ; and thus this little couple work away till the raft-nest is quite ready.

Mrs. Grebe takes her place and proceeds to lay five or six white eggs and hatch them ; but they do not keep their whiteness long, for the water-weeds and the leaves that cover the raft soon decay, and stain the pretty white eggs, so that they are muddy brown by the time they are hatched.

There little Madam Grebe sits contentedly over her eggs, thinking how carefully she will bring up her children so that they will be a credit to the family of Divers. Mr. Grebe paddles, and dives, and pops up and down about the nest, and brings her all sorts of good things to eat,—worms for dinner, minnows for supper, and for breakfast the most delicate of flies and beetles. One day, when he brings his wife's dinner, he finds her in a state of great excitement.

“ My dear,” she says, “ I am going to move. I cannot endure this place another hour. I only waited to tell you about it.”

“ Why, what is the matter, my love ? ” asks Mr. Grebe, in amazement.

"Some creatures have been here," answers little madam, indignantly,—"huge, ugly monsters, with horns; cows I believe they are called. They have torn up the reeds and muddied the water; and, if you will believe it, Dabchick, one of them nearly walked right over me. Then I flew into his face, and gave him a good fright, I can tell you. But the whole thing has upset me very much, and I am determined to leave the place."

Accordingly when Mrs. Grebe has finished her dinner, she puts one foot into the water, and paddles her raft away as skilfully as if she were an Indian in a birch canoe. She steers it round the corners, and paddles on and on, till she finds another quiet nook. Then she draws in her paddle-foot and broods quietly again. Mr. Grebe, who has followed her, goes to explore the new surroundings to see what he can pick up for supper.

After a time the muddy brown eggs crack open one by one, and out come the young Dabchicks, pretty little fuzzy brown balls. They shake themselves, look at one another, and then without further delay go into the water. How they swim and dive!

Mamma Grebe watches them, her gray breast swelling with pride. "Ah!" she says, "see what it is to belong to a good family." —LAURA E. RICHARDS.

13. THE STORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE BIRD.

“I suppose I am a bird,” said a White Heron, as he stood on one leg and held up the other. “The whole thing is so perfectly absurd! Certainly I was once a bird. That was before I was ‘set up,’ as she calls it.

“I was a White Heron, with black legs, and a yellow bill with a strip of pea-green on each side of it. And then such a beautiful fringe of long feathers over my wings! My mother said that she never saw a prettier bird, and I have seen myself in the water often enough to agree with her.



“My brother, in the next room, looked just like me. He does not now. He stands on two legs, like a decent bird, and his feathers hang down over his wings, as they ought.

“Imagine me in those happy days, with my mother in Florida. That is one thing that I have learned since I was ‘set up’: that I came from Florida, and that my name is *Ardea Egretta*.

“ I remember so well our nest, which was made of good, comfortable sticks in a high tree that overhung the lake. As we sat in it, we could look down into the cool water.

“ Our mother used to bring us fishes, frogs, snails, and other good things to eat. By and by when we were big enough, we caught them for ourselves.

“ ‘Stand perfectly still in the water when you want to catch a fish. Keep your neck well down on your shoulders. Then when a fish comes near, make a sudden dart at him ; you will catch him if your neck is long enough.’ That is the way we were taught to take care of ourselves.

“ ‘Beware of Turkey Buzzards and Crows, for they eat young Herons.’ Nothing was said of men, so when they came with their guns, we did not suspect any harm ; that is why we are here.

“ Live and learn.

“ See me now ; here I stand and have stood for ages and ages, it seems to me. Not always in this room, but always on this same pasteboard rock ; a dingy bird with little left but wings and tail-feathers, which are spread behind me in a foolish fashion.

“ ‘Is that the way he looked when alive ?’ asked a child.

“‘No, dear!’ said she. ‘He is intended for a screen.’

“‘He looks as if he were trying to fan the back of his head,’ said the child. ‘Look, aunty, his bill is open as if he were going to say something.’

“‘Yes, he does look as if he had brought a message.’

“‘Perhaps he wants to say that he is tired of holding up one leg,’ said the child.

“‘Wise child! I should have said, ‘You have read my thoughts.’

“I have been ‘put in order,’ as she calls it, lately. I am much improved, if one can judge by the exclamations of those who see me. ‘Oh, that bird! What a beauty! How well he shows off against the window!’

“But who in his senses ever thought of putting a bird in order—first with soap and water, then with ammonia, and lastly with alcohol and a tooth-brush—even if the flies had sullied the whiteness of his feathers!

“It was her own idea, and she prides herself on it, though I think she had her doubts; for as she tried these different things I heard her say, ‘I wonder how he used to do it himself.’

“‘Madam,’ I should have replied, ‘in a way that you would never dream of.’

"I must admit that she worked well and patiently to accomplish her purpose. The ends of all my feathers, sixty or seventy of them, were bent and soiled like those of a feather duster. I knew they would be so, for I have been stuffed into dusty corners and sadly ill-treated.

"While she was working, I tipped about so that it made her quite giddy and seasick. I could not stand still. The rock on which I stand is nothing but pasteboard, and small, too. I am so top-heavy that I wonder I do not tumble over a dozen times a day.

"Hark! I hear a 'mew'! There comes that wretched cat. She wants me, though I have told her that I am nothing but skin and bone—and arsenic, too, which would poison her. But she won't believe it. She says my eyes are bright, though I told her they were only glass. But she says she means to see for herself.

"She will do it some day, I am sure. Then good by to even this dull life."

— Adapted from YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Describe a heron.

| | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|------------|
| absurd | descent | suspect | dingy |
| ammonia | alcohol | admit | patiently |
| giddy | soiled | sullied | accomplish |

14. THE HUMMING-BIRD.



As I gaze on the honeysuckle, a thing of beauty with its sprays of white and purple blossoms, set off by dark green leaves, a Ruby-throated Hummingbird shoots around the house, and hums in front of a cluster of blossoms.

Many birds fly so rapidly, that the strokes of their wings cannot be counted, but here is one whose wing-strokes cannot be seen, so rapid are they. He seems to hang in front of the flowers which he probes one after another with his long, slender bill. That long, tubular, fork-shaped tongue may be sucking the nectar from the blossoms, or it may be capturing insects found in those long, slender tubes.

The delicate, fairy-like beauty seems more like a moth than a bird. The bright green of the body

gleams and glistens in the sunlight. The ruby-colored throat, above the white under parts, looks like a bit of black velvet, or when the bird moves, glows and glimmers like a flame.

The little beauty alights on the twig of a cherry tree near by. I can barely see his tiny feet so like fine wire are they.

The nest of this charming creature is about half the size of a hen's egg. It is found saddled on a limb of a currant-bush or rose-bush in the garden, or on a coarse weed-stalk, or on an upper branch of a tree in the deep forest.

It is made of a soft cottony substance, white, reddish, or grayish in color, and is covered on the outside with brightly colored lichens. Few would think it a bird's nest, so much does it look like a natural growth. Only he who is expert in seeing, as well as willing to look patiently and long, will be able to find it.

Most of our humming-birds live only in those parts of our country that are warm throughout the year. Our beauty, the Ruby-throat, is a great traveller. He is to be found all along the eastern part of North America, from the warm, sunny south to regions far north that are very cold.

— Adapted from LANGILLE.

TO A HUMMING-BIRD.

“Brave little humming-bird,
Every eye blesses thee ;
Sunlight caresses thee,
Forest and field are the fairer for thee ;
Blooms, at thy coming stirred,
Bend on each brittle stem ;
Nod to the little gem,
Bow to the humming-bird, happy and free.

“Now around the woodbine hovering,
Now the morning-glory covering,
Now the honeysuckle sipping,
Now the sweet clematis tipping,
Now into the bluebells dipping ;
Hither, thither, flashing, bright’ning
Like a streak of emerald light’ning ;
Round the box with milk-white phlox,
Round the fragrant four-o’clocks,
Lightly dost thou whirl and flit ;
Into each tubed throat
Dives little Ruby-throat.”

| | | | |
|---------|---------|-------------|----------|
| probes | tubular | fork-shaped | nectar |
| lichens | barely | glimmers | saddled |
| dipping | phlox | caresses | hovering |

15. MRS. HUMMING-BIRD.

One day grandpa said to Harry and Ida, "Children, if you will come out while I am picking peas to-morrow morning, you will see something very pretty." That was all he would tell them.

They wondered about it many times through the day, and made their mamma promise to wake them early.

The children were wide awake at the appointed hour, and full of fun. Grandpa said that they must be quiet, or they would frighten away his little pet.

"Won't you tell us what it is, grandpa?" cried Harry.

"Do tell us, grandpa!" chimed in Ida.

Grandpa smiled, with a teasing look in his eyes, and said, "Oh, you will soon find out for yourselves, if her royal highness favors us."

He had been at work only a few minutes, and was whistling softly to himself, when out flew a very dainty little humming-bird! Her nest was in the quince-tree just beyond the fence.

At first she was very shy, and did not alight; but her wings quivered in the sunshine, and showed the beautiful colors. She flashed around

like a part of a rainbow, making the children wild with delight.

Grandpa pretended not to see her, so soon she gained more courage. Then she flew back to her nest, and called her two young ones. They had just begun to use their wings, and the mother-bird coaxed them along to the pea-vines. Each was about as large as a bumble-bee, only slimmer in the body. Their feathers had begun to grow, so they looked like a mixture of red, green, and gold.

The mother-bird flew away, and left her little ones near grandpa, as if she knew he would keep them from harm. In a few minutes she was back again, her bill laden with sweets, which she fed to the birdies. She did this several times. Then she gave a little call and flew toward the nest. The birdies soon followed her.

Grandpa said she helped them along with her bill the first morning she came.

The children were delighted with grandpa's pet. They had never seen a humming-bird before, and to have one so near was an inducement for them to awaken early.

Mrs. Humming-bird visited the pea-vines every morning until her little ones were able to fly away.

— Adapted from A. D. BELL.

16. THE GOLDEN-WINGED WOODPECKER.

Between sunset and dark of this cold winter day I behold a most beautiful eastern sky. All along the horizon is a broad band of green, which shades into a still broader band of rich purple. This latter, on approaching the zenith, shades into a cold winter gray. In the midst of the purple is the moon, and in front of the green is a bright train of silvery clouds tinted with the hues of a rosy sunset.

I am on the border of a large tract of woods. High above the rest of the trees, in the tops of the elms, I see the form and flight of the Golden-winged Woodpecker, a bird not often seen in this locality in winter. Silent and shy, he makes off as fast as he can, keeping to the tops of the tallest trees. I strain my eyes for a last glimpse of him, but he soon vanishes in the darkness.

Next to the robin, the bluebird, or the barn-swan-low, few members of the feathered tribe are better known than "Flicker," "High-hole" "Yellow-hammer," etc.; for the Golden-wing is known by all these names. His several notes are among the most characteristic notes of spring, at which time he is thoroughly noisy. How significant is that little love-note, yu-cah, half-whisper, which he re-

peats at intervals as he flits about the forest in spring or plays bo-peep with his lover around the broken-off top or limb of some dead tree !

His flight is swift and dashing. He is at home anywhere from the tallest tree-top to the ground, and is always in a hurry.

When afoot, he will capture his insect food after the manner of robins and sparrows. Ants of all sizes are specially in favor with him. In summer and in autumn he eats certain kinds of small fruit, as wild grapes and elderberries.

About their nests Mr. Burroughs has well said : "The woodpeckers all build in about the same manner, excavating the trunk or branch of a decayed tree and placing the eggs on the fine chips which form the bottom of the nest.

"Though the nest is not especially an artistic work,—requiring strength rather than skill,—yet the eggs and the young of few other birds are so completely housed from the winds and rain—or protected from their natural enemies, the jays,



crows, hawks, and owls. A tree with a natural cavity is never selected, but one which has been dead just long enough to have become soft and brittle throughout.

"The bird goes in horizontally for a few inches, making a hole perfectly round and smooth and adapted to his size, then turns downward, gradually enlarging the hole as he goes to the depth of ten, fifteen, or twenty inches. In making the nest, male and female take turns.

"After one has been engaged fifteen or twenty minutes, drilling and carrying away chips, he flies to an upper limb, utters a loud call or two, when his mate soon appears: alighting near him on the branch, the pair chatter and caress a moment; then the fresh one enters the cavity, and the other flies away. The woodpecker is not a nest-builder, but rather a nest-carver."

— Adapted from LANGILLE.

Compare a woodpecker and a robin.

| | | | |
|------------|--------------|------------|--------------|
| eastern | zenith | locality | significant |
| capture | drilling | excavating | elderberries |
| especially | horizontally | completely | enemies |

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSS-BILL.

On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease ;
From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness :
“ Blest be thou of all the good !
Bear as token of this moment
Marks of blood and holy rood ! ”

And that bird is called the cross-bill ;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

— H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place :
Oh to abide in the desert with thee !

Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud :
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather-blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be ;
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place :
Oh to abide in the desert with thee !

*INSECTS.***17. THE PAPER-MAKER.**

Wasps are the oldest paper-makers known.

The body of the wasp is quite slender, the three parts being united by slender pedicels. The head is larger, being provided with large eyes and four jaws. The two upper jaws are strong and horny, fitted for biting or cutting; the lower jaws, which are much longer than the upper ones, are soft, forming a kind of beak or sucker.

The legs, six in number, are also long and slender. There are four wings of medium size, but quite strong. The thin, transparent wings, which are crossed by few veins, are said to be membranous. The female is armed with a sting, concealed in the abdomen, and connected with a poison gland.

This little insect is wonderfully intelligent. The study of its habits is most interesting.

In springtime and early summer it lives upon the sweets of flowers; later in the season it attacks the fruits. It likes raw meat from the butcher's stall, and attacks flies, butterflies, bees, and other insects, killing them and eating them with great greediness. When annoyed by heat, or when dis-

turbed in its search for prey, it will inflict a very painful wound with its sting.

This insect lives in communities, consisting of males, females, and workers.

The home of the wasp consists of rows of cells, the material of which resembles paper. The wasp is so very fond of the sunshine, that it usually rests in cloudy weather.

One egg is laid in each of the cells which make up the home. From these eggs animals are hatched, which bear no resemblance to the parent wasps. They are little, soft, fleshy, whitish, worm-like creatures, without wings or legs. They are called *larvæ* from the Latin word *larva*, a mask, because they so completely mask or hide the form of the insect.

While they are larvæ they eat a great deal, being fed with food previously chewed by the females or workers. At the end of three weeks the larvæ cease to take food and shut themselves up in a thin silken covering which they spin.

Now their form is again changed; they are perfectly motionless, wrapped in their silken covering. They so resemble infants wrapped in swaddling-clothes that the term *pupa* (Latin, *pupa*: a baby) has been given to them while in this stage of their growth.

The insect remains in this state for about nine days, at the end of which time it becomes active, casts off its skin, breaks open its cell, and comes into the air a perfect (insect) wasp.

Because the wasp has three kinds of life and is changed three times before it is a matured insect, it is said to undergo complete metamorphosis, that is, a complete change of form.

The nest of the wasp and the management of the colony within are worthy of notice. The wasp was a paper-maker long before man manufactured that useful article. The paper of which the nest is made is manufactured from rotten wood-fibre. This fibre is scraped off by the jaws and is chewed into a pulpy mass, which upon hardening is found to be the paper that forms the material of which the nest is made.

Of the large numbers which inhabit the nest in summer the females alone survive the winter. In the spring each female makes a little group of cells, hexagonal in shape, opening at the bottom. In



each cell she places an egg, from which is hatched a worker.

The workers immediately proceed to enlarge the nest, obtaining their material from woody fibre. They arrange the cells in galleries, with mouths downward, separated by pedicels.

The female continues to lay workers' eggs until late in the season, when eggs are laid from which males and females are hatched. The larvæ live in the cells heads downward.

Toward the end of the summer the nest often contains as many as three thousand inhabitants, living together and working in perfect harmony.

The card-making wasp of Cayenne makes a box-shaped nest of a substance resembling cardboard so closely in firmness and beauty of color that one can scarcely detect the difference.

Another kind of wasp makes its nest of clay, the exterior being so hard that a saw can scarcely cut through it. Such nests are easily found.

Describe a wasp. How many kinds of life does a wasp live? Describe each. Describe a wasp's nest.

hexagonal material manufactured exterior
pedicels transparent membranous larvæ
metamorphosis devouring intelligent rapacity

18. METAMORPHOSIS OF THE BUTTERFLY.

“I creep upon the ground, and the children say,
‘You ugly old thing,’ and push me away.

“I lie in my bed, and the children say,
‘The fellow is dead; we’ll throw him away.’

“At last I awake, and the children try
To make me stay as I rise and fly.”

The butterfly has a long body more or less covered with hairs. It has six slender, weak legs. The wings, four in number, are large. They are covered with a fine, mealy powder, which, when examined under a microscope, is found to consist of little scales overlapping one another like the scales of a fish. These scales are attached to the transparent wings by little stems. Because of these minute scales the butterfly is said to have scaly wings.

The tongue consists of two tubular threads placed side by side, forming a long tube, which, when not in use, is coiled, like the spring of a watch, beneath the head. This is more or less concealed by the feelers or antennæ. The antennæ are long and slender, terminated by little knobs.

The butterfly, during its entire life, undergoes

complete metamorphosis, or complete change of form. So different are the young of the butterfly and the old that it would seem almost necessary to describe them as two distinct animals.

The larvæ of the butterfly are called caterpillars. They are cylindrical in shape, having fleshy bodies, shelly heads provided with powerful jaws, three pairs of short legs ending in claws, called the true legs. Besides these, there are five pairs



of short, thick, fleshy ones, surrounded with minute hooks, called false legs.

In the middle of the lower lip is a tube connected with sacs situated in the body. These sacs contain a sticky fluid which the caterpillar uses in spinning its shroud.

Because the caterpillar is a great eater it is said to be very voracious. It feeds upon stems and leaves of plants, often consuming twice its weight in a day.

When the larva is full grown it becomes a pupa. Just before entering the pupa state, the caterpillar spins a tuft of silk, which it fastens to some object.

In this tuft of silk it fastens its hind feet, and then spins loops of silk to hold up the fore part of the body. Having securely fastened itself, it throws off its caterpillar skin and becomes a chrysalis or pupa.

In the pupa state it is inactive. When fully developed, it bursts its covering on the back, and withdraws itself from its shroud, wonderfully transformed. The shape of the body is altered. Some of the legs disappear; the others are much longer and more slender, and four large, beautiful wings are developed.

The mouth, which before was provided with large, powerful jaws, is now a long, delicate sucking-tube, which is used in gathering nectar from the flowers.

The life of the butterfly is, however, very brief; it spends a short time in flitting from flower to flower, sipping their sweets, and soon dies a natural death or falls a prey to its numerous enemies.

The graceful forms and beautiful colors of the many different kinds of butterflies are remarkably pleasing to the eye. It seems wonderful that these light and airy creatures should come from a lowly, worm-like caterpillar.

Moths, as well as butterflies, are scale-winged insects. There is no real difference between a butterfly and a moth; yet in a general way it is not difficult to tell them apart.

The slender antennæ of most butterflies have little knobs at their tips, whereas those of moths are pointed at the tip, thick in the middle, and are often beautifully feathered. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. At rest, the butterfly holds its wings erect; the moth does not. The division between the thorax and the abdomen is more distinctly marked in the butterfly than in the moth.

But in their habits the differences between butterflies and moths are more noticeable. Butterflies fly during the day; moths fly at night. It is the caterpillars of moths which spin the silk-like cocoons which hang from tree or bush or are fastened to fences. In this delicate home the tender pupa lies as comfortable as a baby in its warm crib at night.

It is also the caterpillars of moths which remain motionless on twigs for hours, so as to look like parts of the bush. These caterpillars burrow in the ground, lining their homes with varnished silk, and making them water-proof. Here, safe and protected from wet and cold, they throw off their skin for the last time, go to sleep, and remain until the warm June days awake them.

Compare a butterfly and a wasp, or a moth and a wasp.

Write in good order the story of a moth's life.

| | | | |
|-------------|--------------|-------------|-------------|
| tubular | antennæ | coiled | caterpillar |
| symbol | voracious | cylindrical | shroud |
| transformed | resurrection | soul | human |

—•••—

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I've watched you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower ;
And, little butterfly, indeed,
I know not if you sleep or feed.

How motionless ! — not frozen seas
More motionless — and then

What joys await you when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again.

This plot of orchard ground is ours,
My trees they are, my sister's flowers ;
Here rest your wings when they are weary,
Here lodge as in a sanctuary.

Come to see us often, fear no wrong,
Sit near us on the bough.
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young ;
Sweet, childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

— WADSWORTH.

—○—○—○—○—○—○—

19. HOW SILK IS MADE.

The life of none of the little animals we have studied or read about makes a more interesting story than that of the silkworm. The silkworm is the caterpillar of the silkworm moth.

All the silk that one ever saw was made by these little creatures.

One winter a lady of my acquaintance sent for some silkworm eggs. The eggs, which came in a

package by mail, looked like gray seeds no larger than mustard seeds. She kept them in a cool place until the mulberry trees put forth their leaves. Do you know why she waited for the mulberry trees?

She then put them into a warm room. In a few days there were many tiny creatures crawling about. They began at once to eat the mulberry leaves. They ate the soft parts of the leaves, leaving nothing but the framework. Oh, how fast they ate! How rapidly they grew!

Every day for six weeks many, many fresh leaves were gathered for them. Then the little creatures stopped eating and stopped growing. During the time the worms had changed their dresses four times, for just as soon as the old dress became too small it was thrown aside for a new one.

The full-grown silkworms were about three inches in length. They were yellowish gray. When full-grown, they were ready to spin silk. How carefully the children watched them!

The silk threads came out of two little tubes in the mouth. These tubes or spinnerets became large when the caterpillar was ready to become a pupa. Their little heads went up and down, back and forth, spinning silk and weaving it into cocoons, for that is the name of their houses.

The inside of a cocoon is a room just large enough for a silkworm to live in.

By and by not a worm was to be seen ; for each had become a chrysalis, enclosed in a silk cocoon shaped much like a peanut.

A few weeks more passed by, and a great change



had been made. The little creatures were no longer worms or pupæ, but beautiful silk moths. The one who had fed them did not want moths. She wanted the silk the caterpillars has spun. It would not do to let the moths cut their way through the walls of the co-

coon, for this would spoil the silk.

Just before it was time for them to come out, some of the cocoons were dropped into hot water, which scalded the moths to death ; others were put into a warm oven, the heat of which killed the moths. The cocoons were then sent to the silk-mills, where the threads were unwound and reeled into skeins of beautiful golden silk.

THE SILKWORM.

“ Silkworm, on the mulberry tree,
Spin a silken robe for me ;
Draw the threads out fine and strong,
Longer yet, and very long ;
Longer yet ; 'twill not be done
Till a thousand more are spun.
Silkworm, turn this mulberry tree
Into silken threads for me.

“ All day long, and many a day,
Busy silkworms spin away ;
Some are ending, some beginning,
Nothing thinking of but spinning.
Well for them ! Like silver light,
All the threads are smooth and bright ;
Pure as day the silk must be
Woven from the mulberry tree.

“ Ye are spinning well and fast ;
'Twill be finished all, at last.
Twenty thousand threads are drawn,
Finer than the finest lawn !
And as long, this silken twine,
As the equinoctial line.

What a change ! The mulberry tree
Turneth into silk for me !

“ Spinning ever ! now ’tis done ;
Silken threads enough are spun.
Spinning, they will spin no more ;
All their little lives are o’er.
Pile them up — a costly heap !
Each in his coffin gone to sleep !
Silkworm on the mulberry tree,
Thou hast spun and died for me.”

—•••—

Have hope ! Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith ! Where’er thy bark is driven —
The calm’s disport, the tempest’s mirth ; —
Know this — God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love ! Not love alone for one,
But, man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

— JONATHAN C. F. SCHILLER.

IV. OUR GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE.

1. THE SAXONS.

If you will turn to the map of Europe in your geographies, you will see, in the northern part, a small peninsula called Denmark. This narrow strip of land stretches northward and divides the Baltic from the North Sea.

Perhaps some of you have read about this country or have heard people talk of its pleasant pasture lands and prim little towns. Some of you may even have seen pictures of the people who live there.

In these ways you may have learned a great deal about the Denmark you would see now, if you were to sail across the wide Atlantic. But I want to tell you how the land looked and what the people did many, many hundred years ago, for we Americans, as you will learn some day, are greatly interested in both the country and the people as they existed at that time.

At that time Denmark was nothing but a wild waste of sand, bordered along the coast with sunless woods. Here and there were meadows that crept down to the marshes and the sea. The bold,

daring people who lived here were called the English or Saxons.

They dwelt in villages, separated from each other by belts of forest or waste land, and surrounded by trenches that served as a defence when attacked by enemies.



The most important man in each village was the eorl, who was the descendant of the first settlers in the waste. Around his homestead stood the rude dwellings of the other villagers who had settled on the land later.

You will be surprised to hear in what a wise and simple way the Saxons had learned to govern themselves, even so long ago. From time to time all the men in the village met about a sacred tree in the town, to make new laws and to give judgment by those already made.

In these meetings, too, they chose a headman to govern the village, just as the headman, or chairman, is chosen in our own town-meetings to-day. They also selected four men to follow the eorl to a general court, where all disputes between village and village were settled, and all questions of peace or war were talked over.

The five men sent by each town represented all the men in it, so that all of each village were held by the pledges these men made to each other and had to abide by their vote, or by what they decided was right.

Now that I have told you how those people gov-



erned themselves, perhaps you would like to know how they looked and how they passed their time.

They were a handsome, vigorous people, tall and strong, with long, fair hair and beards, fresh com-

plexions, and clear, blue eyes. They were very energetic, proud, and I am sorry to say often cruel, but they were always honest and truthful.

They were careful farmers and busy fishers, but at heart they were fighters, and their world was a world of war. Tribe warred with tribe, and village with village; even within the town itself bitter quarrels sometimes parted man from man, or household from household.

Next to their love of war was their love of the sea, and it was these two passions that turned into pirates many of the Saxons who did not have enough fighting and adventure in their own land.



Bands of these daring rovers, armed with axes, swords, and lances, would row along the shores of the North Sea in their strong, oaken ships. Suddenly they would swoop down on some little vil-

lage, kill the people, burn the town, and carry off all the goods they could stow away in their ships.

At first the Saxons sailed only along the eastern shores of the German Ocean. Soon, however, they grew bolder and crossed the sea to Britain, a large island lying just off the coast of Europe.

This island is now called England. You will find it so named in your geographies. But before we follow the Saxons to this new land, I want you to read this poem, which tells you just how many of the English boys then spent their time.

“Far in the Northern-land,
By the wild Baltic’s strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon ;
And with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair,
Tracked I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow ;

Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders ;
Wild was the life we led,
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders."

—••••—

2. BRITAIN.

Five hundred years before the Saxon pirates drifted down upon the shores of Britain, these islands were almost unknown to the other people in Europe. Boats were rarely to be seen moving over the restless waters that beat upon its lonely shores.

The bleak winds blew over wide stretches of forests and desolate swamps, for the Britons who inhabited this country were almost savages, being thinly scattered over the land.

They dressed in the rough skins of animals they had slain in the chase. They lived in rude straw-covered huts, the fire being built in the middle of the floor, skins serving for beds and blankets, while on the walls hung the weapons of the family.

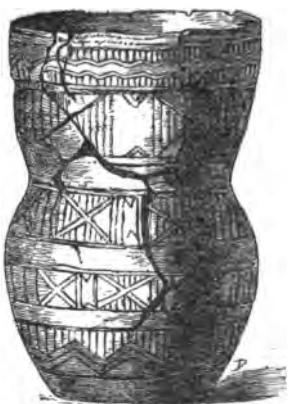
Like most savage people, they gave little or no time to farming, but lived chiefly on the flesh of



their flocks and herds, or on the game which they hunted in the forests.

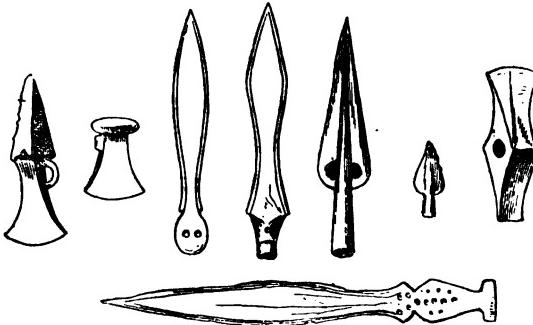
In the southern part of England the Britons had discovered mines of copper, tin, and lead, which they had learned to work near the surface.

They had learned to build boats, too, but a very rude kind, in which they did not dare to venture far from the shore. They were made of willow



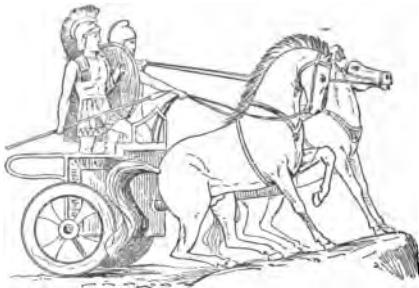
withe woven together and covered with skins to keep out the water.

But the principal occupations of the Britons were hunting and fishing. The far-stretching dark forests were full of game. When I tell you that the Britons were divided into more than forty tribes, each governed by its own king, you will understand why they had to do more fighting than anything else.



In battle they used swords and shields, short-pointed daggers and spears, all of which they made out of copper mingled with tin. But their characteristic mode of fighting was in low chariots drawn by skilfully trained horses and occupied by two or three warriors. To the wheels of these chariots were fastened blades of swords and scythes. These helped to cut down the enemy as the chariot was driven among them at full speed.

The Britons were heathens, believing in a strange and terrible religion, called the religion of the



Druuids. They worshipped the sun and the moon, holding their meetings in groves of oak trees. These meetings must have been very

grim and awful, for it is said that human beings were sometimes sacrificed there in the depths of the dark forest at night time.

The Romans came over from the mainland to conquer this land and these people, many, many years before the Saxons came.

The Romans came because they heard that they would find rich mines and fertile meadows here. But they did not conquer the land so easily as they had expected. Indeed, although they brought more and more soldiers, it was over a hundred



years before they had gained the greater part of the country.

The Romans were a civilized people, so as soon as they had conquered the land, they began to improve it. They drained the marshes and cut down many of the thick forests. They made fine roads all through the land, to connect the large cities they had built.

But the most important thing they did was to keep the restless, war-like Britons at peace with one another, so that they had to turn their attention to something beside fighting. The Britons soon learned from the Romans how to cultivate the fields, to make better weapons, and to dress in a more comfortable way. Their whole manner of living was changed for the better.

It was while the Romans ruled them that missionaries came from the mainland of Europe to teach the Christian religion to the heathen Britons.

After the Romans had ruled Britain for about five hundred years, they were needed in their own land to fight against their own enemies. Gradually they withdrew from Britain, leaving the people to govern and protect themselves. The Romans had scarcely gone, however, before bands of Saxon pirates, these people of whom I have told you, began to swarm upon the eastern coast.

3. THE NEW ENGLAND.

These Saxon pirates found a country with rich cities and fertile fields, inhabited by a civilized, Christian people. They thought it would be a pleasanter land to live in than their own bleak shores, so at last one band of Saxons made a little settlement on the eastern coast. They defended it from the Britons and brought their families over from Denmark.

Soon swarms of these pirates drifted down upon the unhappy eastern coast. Each band fought the Britons until, for the sake of peace, they were given a portion of land. Then they brought over their families and their household goods.

Gradually, inch by inch, they took up more and more land. The Britons fought for it desperately, but they were always conquered at last and compelled to move back. In the course of a hundred years the Saxons had occupied the greater part of Britain, and the Britons had moved into what are now Wales and Scotland.

In this way Britain became once more a savage, heathen country, much as it was before the Romans came. The Saxons gave this new country the name of the fatherland, England. They kept their old customs and their old religion. They

worshipped the war-god, Thor. In fact, they lived in this new England just as they had lived in old England by the shores of the Baltic.

Each Saxon village held its town-meeting around a sacred tree here, as they had done there. The headman was chosen to govern the village, and four men were selected to follow the eorl to the hundred court, just as they had done in their fatherland.

Their settlement in this new land did not change their disposition. It had not lessened, in the least, their love of adventure and of toil; their love of the sea and of the fight.

The only change seems to have been this: In their old home by the Baltic, in the time of war, the whole tribe was governed by one man. This man was always chosen from the eorls and was called the war-leader. But during the hundred years the Saxons were fighting in their new home, each tribe was governed by its own war-leader nearly all the time.

The name of the war-leader was gradually changed to that of king. The land occupied by his tribe was called his kingdom. In the rare intervals of peace, however, the king ceased to be the one ruler. He could act only by the advice of the headmen chosen by the people, so that still the people really made the laws and ruled the land.

In this way there sprang up many little kingdoms, each ruled by its king in time of war, and by the people in time of peace. After they had driven out the Britons and possessed the land, the Saxons began to fight among themselves, each wanting more land.

The weaker states were conquered and ruled by the stronger, until, after many years, there were only three Saxon kingdoms instead of the great number there had once been.

About this time other bands of pirates from Norway crowded down on the English shores. These Northmen tried desperately to wrest England from the Saxons, just as, three hundred years before, the Saxons had taken it from the Britons. The Northmen were so strong that the three Saxon kingdoms had to unite under one leader to fight them. By this union the Northmen were conquered, and at last the English became one people under one king.

During these three hundred years, missionaries had again come to England to preach the Christian religion to the heathen Saxons, as it had been taught long before to the heathen Britons. Many, many years before England was united under one king, all the Saxons had become Christians, and there were many churches all through the land.

Many changes had taken place in their customs during this time. They had learned to use stone and brick for building their houses instead of wood. Their tables, chairs, and bedsteads were made of different woods, often beautifully carved. Knives and spoons were used at the table. The dishes were made of gold or silver, brass or bone. For their dresses and other clothing they used both cloth and silk.

4. KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

It was under King Alfred that all the Saxon kingdoms united into one people against the northern pirates. When Alfred became king these heathen pirates were pouring down upon the shores of England, just as four hundred years before the Saxons had swept down upon the Britons. At one time "they spread in great numbers over the whole of England, killing the people, plundering the towns, and burning the churches."

But the Saxons had not forgotten how to fight bravely. As soon as they found that King Alfred was a daring and skilful leader, they joined him in great numbers, and, after several years of fighting, they conquered the Northmen. The Saxons

did not drive them from the country, but gave them a large part of it for their own, as long as they would live in peace, just as the Britons had given their lands to the Saxons many years before.

As soon as the war was over, King Alfred went to work to improve the country. He rebuilt the towns and churches that had been destroyed by the Northmen, teaching the people to use brick or stone instead of wood, that had always been used before his time.

The Saxons up to this time had built only the simplest kind of dwellings. King Alfred learned how to plan buildings himself, so that he might teach his people how to make more comfortable and more beautiful homes. He erected strong forts or castles at places along the eastern coast, where he feared other pirates might be tempted to land and trouble his country.

He hired men from the more civilized countries of Europe to teach the people how to build larger and safer vessels and to train them to be skilful sailors. He encouraged the seamen to make voyages to distant lands, that they might carry the metals and wool of England to be exchanged for the goods of other countries. He trained his soldiers, and taught the farmers how best to cultivate their fields and care for pastures and flocks.

"As great and good in peace as he was great and good in war, King Alfred never rested from his labors to improve his people. He loved to talk with clever men and with travelers from foreign countries, and to write down what they had told him, for his people to read."

In those days there were very few books indeed, as every line had to be copied by hand, just as we have to write letters now. Then there were very few people in the whole of that broad land who could read the few books that were written.

King Alfred knew how much sooner his people would learn the best ways of doing things if they knew how to read and write, so he set up schools all through England and sent to France for good teachers.

He found, too, that many of the laws that had been made were not good, so he had them changed for just laws, and then saw that they were carried out or obeyed. The great desire of his heart was to do right to all his people, and to leave England better, wiser, happier in all ways than he found it.

"Under Alfred the Great all the best points in the Saxon character were first encouraged and in him first shown. Wherever the descendants of the Saxon race have gone, even to the remotest regions of the world, they have been patient, per-

severing, never to be turned aside from enterprises on which they resolved.

“In Europe, Asia, Africa, America, the whole world over, in the desert, in the forest, on the sea, scorched by a burning sun, or frozen by ice that never melts, the Saxon blood remains unchanged. Wheresoever that race goes, there law, and industry, and safety for life and property, and all the great results of steady perseverance, are certain to arise.”

5. THE NORMANS.

About the time that King Alfred was fighting against the pirate Northmen in England, other bands of these fierce rovers settled on the northern shores of France, just across the English Channel. This land was known as “the Northman’s land,” or Normandy.

These Northmen, or Normans, as they were called, soon gave up their heathen religion and became Christians. They learned very rapidly all that the people knew in the civilized land where they had settled. Within a hundred years Normandy was settled with busy, flourishing towns. Large churches and stately stone castles had been built in many parts of the country.

They changed their language and government as well as their religion. They now spoke French instead of their old Norse language, and were ruled both in peace and war by one man, called a duke, instead of having the laws made by the people themselves in town meetings.

These Normans, who had been the fiercest of all the northern pirates, soon were noted through all Europe for their graceful and polished manners.

But although they learned so much from the French, they had not forgotten how to be brave and daring soldiers. After they had taken all the land they could possibly get in France, they began to look with covetous eyes toward the rich and pleasant fields of England.

Their longing to possess the country grew, as they heard more of it, so, in 1066, they crossed the Channel to conquer it. The English fought bravely, you may be sure, but the Norman soldiers had better horses and weapons, and were more carefully trained. The English were defeated, and their king was killed. In this way the Duke of Normandy became the king of England.

The best lands were taken away from the English and given to the Normans, who had to build castles all over the country to defend their new property.

The English fought against the Normans again and again, but they were punished so cruelly every time that they soon gave up fighting.

England was now ruled by the Norman kings, who governed just as they liked in most matters.

The people had little or no part in making the laws. Fortunately, the first six of the Norman kings were wise and just rulers. "They kept the people at peace and carried order and justice to every corner of the land."

But the seventh king, King John, was thoroughly wicked. He treated both the Normans and the English cruelly and unjustly. In this way the people saw that it would not do to leave all the law making to the king, because whenever he happened to be a cruel or unjust man the whole country suffered.

So, after a great deal of thinking and talking, the English and Normans forgot that they hated each other and joined together against the king. They made him sign a paper, called the Great Charter (*Magna Charta*), in which he promised to make the laws only by the advice of a great meeting of the people; "to imprison no man without a fair trial; and to sell, delay, or deny justice to none."

The object of *Magna Charta* was to put a stop

to fines and oppressions. It speaks of sixty-three things, some of which are as follows: "That the goods of every free man shall be disposed of, after his death, according to his will; that if he die without making a will, his children shall succeed to his property; that no officer of the crown shall take horses, carts, or wood, without the consent of the owner; that no free man shall be imprisoned, outlawed, or banished, unless by the judgment of his peers, or the law of the land; that even a rustic shall not by any fine be bereaved of his carts, ploughs, and implements of husbandry." This last was the only article in that great charter for the protection of the laboring people. The invidious word 'even' shows plainly how little they were considered or thought of."

By this means, even if a king were wicked or stupid, he could not do very much harm, because he could not make laws without the consent of this great meeting of the people.

After this, every king, at the time he was crowned, was compelled to make a solemn promise to keep this charter. There was always peace in the land as long as the king kept his promise, but whenever he broke his promise and set aside the right of the people to be ruled justly there was always war in the land.

6. GROWTH OF THE COUNTRY.

You remember that the northern pirates who settled in England gradually mingled with the Saxons, making one people. Just so, after the signing of the charter, did the Normans gradually become entirely English in thought and feeling.

As time went on, the country became very prosperous. The towns and cities grew larger and larger. The people learned better ways of building, of farming, and of making articles for use and comfort. There were schools all through the land, some of them so famous that men came across the Channel to attend them.

What helped more than anything else to bring about this result was the invention of printing.

Until nearly 1450, every book had to be written by hand. Of course this made books very rare and expensive, so that few families had books of their own. But after the invention of printing so many books were published that in the course of a hundred years they were quite common.

The English had become very skilful seamen during this time. Their old Saxon love of adventure led many of them to make voyages to new or unknown countries. Danger or hardship never kept these daring men from an undertaking.

About this time many of them grew discontented at home because there was much injustice there, and it seemed to them as if it never would be set right. So, with their families, they crossed the Atlantic Ocean and made a settlement in America, where they could govern themselves justly and be free. But before we talk about the fortunes of these people, I must tell you about the land to which they came.



7. THE EARLY LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

Over four hundred years ago there lived in the seaport of Genoa, in Italy, a poor boy named Christopher Columbus. He was born in that city about 1435, being the eldest of a family of four children.

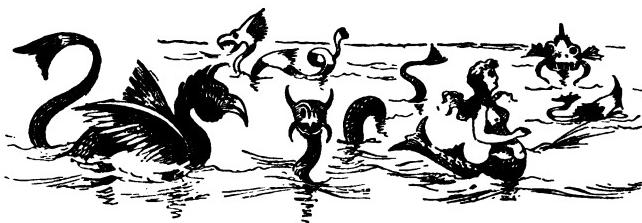
His father, although a poor wool-comber, was anxious to give his son an education, so Christopher studied not only arithmetic, reading, grammar, and writing, but also Latin and drawing. For a short time he attended a university not far from



his home, where he learned how to make charts and maps for the use of sailors.

Like many boys who are brought up in seaport cities, he loved the sea and determined to be a sailor. He was accustomed to listen to the stories of the sailors whose ships stopped at Genoa. He heard of their fights with the pirates of the Mediterranean Sea, and of the discovery of many islands west of the coast of Africa.

When fourteen years of age he began his life as a sailor, and made many daring voyages, going north once as far as Iceland.



Sailors at this time knew very little about the Atlantic Ocean. They believed it contained terrible monsters, and that it had no opposite shore. They scarcely dared venture out of sight of land on this ocean, most of their voyages being made on the Mediterranean Sea.

For many years the people of Portugal, who did not believe all the stories about the sea, had been

much interested in navigation. They had been trying to find a route to India by sailing around the coast of Africa, so that the spices, silks, precious stones, and other articles obtained from that country might be brought to them at much less cost.

All these goods had to be brought at that time on the backs of camels, a long, tedious, and expensive journey. The Portuguese had sent out many ships, so that some important maritime discoveries along the African coast had already been made.

Columbus was naturally attracted to Portugal, whence it is said he sailed on one of these voyages of discovery. He had been constantly studying geography, and now had a plan of his own for reaching India.

He believed the earth to be round, and so proposed to reach India by sailing west across the Atlantic, instead of creeping along the coast of Africa. He thought that Asia extended much farther to the east than it does, and that the world was smaller than it is.

Neither he nor any one else knew that the continents of North and South America must be passed before Asia could be reached by sailing west, because no one knew that there was any such land as America.

His great desire now was to prove his theories.

But how was he to get money with which to buy ships, provisions, and other necessary things, and to hire sailors for such a voyage? He earned but little money making maps and charts. Part of this he sent home to Genoa to help support his father and educate his younger brothers. Perhaps the king of Portugal, who was greatly interested in discoveries, would help him.

He went to the king, to whom he told his plans of finding a short route to India by sailing directly west across the unknown Atlantic. The king was inclined to listen to Columbus, but his advisers laughed at the scheme. However, one of the king's counsellors proposed to send a ship to find out whether there was any truth in what Columbus was saying.

The king thus obtained from Columbus the plans of the voyage and secretly sent out a vessel, which, after sailing westward a few days and encountering stormy weather, returned and reported that there was no land to be found. Columbus, who was very indignant when he learned what the king had done, refused all further offers of aid and left Portugal.

He now went to Spain, which was governed at this time by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. The people of Spain were engaged in war, and the

king and queen were so busy that they were unable to give him any attention. However, they provided him with money to keep him in Spain until they should have time to listen to his proposals.

At length Columbus was summoned to appear before the rulers. Their advisers, like those of the king of Portugal, ridiculed the plans of Columbus, one of whom said, "How is it possible for people to live on the other side of the earth with their heels upward and their heads hanging downward, or for trees to grow with their branches downward?"



Another thought that, even if a ship should succeed in reaching India by sailing west, it would never be able to return, as the roundness of the earth would form a kind of mountain up which it would be impossible to sail.

So nothing was accomplished this time. Columbus, however, was not the man to be discouraged by disappointments, however great. He followed the court from place to place, regarded as a sort of madman by the people.

When the wars in Spain were finally ended, Ferdinand and Isabella listened to Columbus again, but again rejected his plans. Poor and dejected, he started to leave Spain, determined to try next the king of France, whom he hoped might be induced to help him carry out his schemes.

One day, weary and footsore, he stopped at a convent to beg a little bread and water. The prior of the convent, a very learned man, was attracted by the appearance of Columbus, and listened attentively to his story. This good man had been at one time the confessor of Isabella, and so had some influence with her.

He wrote, therefore, to Isabella, urging her not to allow Columbus to leave Spain, and advising her to reconsider her decision. This she did, and sent again for Columbus, granting at last the aid he had begged for so long. Ferdinand thought that Spain could not afford the money necessary for the enterprise, but Isabella generously offered to sell her jewels to procure the money.

Thus, after nearly eighteen years of weary wait-

ing, at the age of fifty-six, Columbus was to be given an opportunity to prove the truth of his theories.

When and where was Columbus born?

What did he do when a boy?

Why did he go to Portugal?

Why did he go to Spain?

What did the Spanish rulers do for him?

Locate each place mentioned in this chapter.

| | | | |
|--------------|-------------|-------------|--------------|
| arithmetic | grammar | Latin | determined |
| university | maritime | pirates | navigation |
| tedious | discoveries | naturally | attracted |
| continents | theories | provisions | advisers |
| encountering | indignant | governed | proposals |
| summoned | ridiculed | opportunity | accomplished |
| regarded | rejected | dejected | confessor |
| influence | reconsider | decision | enterprise |

8. THE FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

Columbus, however, found it a difficult matter to procure ships and men. The people recalled all the frightful stories they had heard of the unknown Atlantic, and although many mariners could be found, few were brave enough to be willing to go on this voyage.

At last two wealthy navigators, brothers named Pinzon, offered, not only to accompany Columbus, but to furnish one of the vessels. The two remaining vessels were procured after long effort, and by the first part of August, 1492, all was ready. Two of these vessels, or caravels, as they were called, were very small and without decks. The third and largest caravel, having been prepared expressly for this voyage, had a deck.

Early Friday morning, August 3, 1492, Columbus with his crew of one hundred and twenty men, many of whom went against their wills, embarked at the city of Palos. Their friends, who never expected to see them again, stood on the wharf weeping at their departure.

Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands. These belonged to Spain, being the most western land then known. Before reaching these islands the rudder of one of the ships was broken. Columbus believed that this had been done purposely by the men, so that they might return home. He tried to get another ship at the Canary Islands, but, failing in this, had a new rudder made and proceeded on his journey.

He was filled with joy when he found himself fairly started on his voyage, but not so his men. As soon as they lost sight of land, the thought of

their homes and friends left behind, perhaps forever, filled them with such grief and despair that Columbus found it a difficult matter to console them.

He told them stories from a book of travels written two hundred years before this time, by Marco Polo, an Italian, who had visited China. This book contained glowing descriptions of the beautiful cities of that country, and told of the great abundance of gold and precious stones found there. Columbus tried to cheer his men by promising them a share of the great wealth which he firmly believed he would find.

As they sailed farther west, it was noticed that the needle of the compass no longer pointed directly to the north star. The sailors were very much alarmed at this. Even the gentle east wind which wafted the ships steadily westward was the cause of further alarm. How were the ships ever to return if the wind constantly blew from the east? But one day the wind changed to the southwest, and so their fears were dispelled.

Now the hearts of the men were cheered by what they thought signs of land. Large patches of floating weeds were met, some of which were very green, and birds were seen which they thought could not fly far from land.

A sharp lookout for land was kept, as a reward had been promised by the sovereigns to the one who should first discover land. Many times the cry of "Land! land!" was heard, but each time the land proved to be only a cloud.

After each disappointment the seamen became more disheartened. They were becoming alarmed at the great distance they were traveling from home. They even thought seriously of throwing Columbus overboard and returning home before it was too late. Columbus knew of the designs of his crew, but never for a moment thought of turning back.

At last such real signs of land appeared that even the sailors were encouraged to hope that land would soon be found. A branch of a thorn tree with berries on it floated past, fresh weeds which grow in rivers were seen, and a small board and a carved stick were picked up.

On the night following these discoveries, all the crew were on the lookout for land. About ten o'clock at night, Columbus, who had been eagerly watching from the top of his cabin, saw a light at a great distance. It looked as if it might be a torch carried by some person on shore. Several of the sailors whom Columbus called saw the same light.

At two o'clock, a sailor on the *Pinta*, which was the swiftest vessel, sighted land and gave the signal. At daybreak, Friday, October 12, 1492, the sailors saw stretched out before them a beautiful island covered with trees. Large numbers of naked natives were seen running to the shore from all parts of the woods.

Signals were given for the ships to cast anchor, and Columbus landed, richly dressed, and carrying the royal standard of Spain. He first threw himself on his knees and thanked God, then rising, took possession of the island for the king and queen of Spain, naming it San Salvador.

The natives were filled with wonder at sight of the ships and men, believing them to have come up out of the sea. On the approach of the boats they fled to the woods, but, finding that no one pursued them, they recovered from their terror and crowded along the shore.

Many visited the ships, which they reached



either by swimming or by means of their canoes. They brought to the Spaniards bread called cassava, which they made from a certain root that grew on the island. They brought also large balls of cotton yarn and tame parrots, for which they received in exchange small bells, glass beads, and other trinkets.

Columbus called the natives Indians; for he thought this island lay near India.

After leaving San Salvador, Columbus discovered island after island. He was now thoroughly convinced that these were the islands off the coast of Asia, which Marco Polo mentioned, so he began his search for the wonderful cities and the great wealth which he thought must exist there.

He found Cuba so large that he concluded he must have reached the mainland of Asia, or India, as he called it.

From Cuba he sailed to another large island, called by the natives Hayti. While exploring this island one of his ships was wrecked off the coast.

Columbus now began to think seriously of returning to Spain, to carry home the tidings of his great discovery of a New World. Several of his men wishing to remain in Hayti, he built a small fort with timber from the wrecked vessel, and left them to explore the island.

On the 4th of January, 1493, Columbus set sail for home, and, after a stormy voyage, arrived at Palos the 15th of March. What a joyous welcome was given him! Bells were rung, shops were closed, and wherever he went he was surrounded by admiring people.

It was April before he arrived at Barcelona, where the king and queen held court. A grand procession was formed, which passed before Ferdinand and Isabella, who were seated under a gorgeous canopy of brocade of gold.

First in the procession came a number of Indians, whom Columbus had captured and taken back with him. These, painted in brilliant colors and wearing many gold ornaments, were made to look rich as well as strange and fantastic.

Next were carried several kinds of live parrots, stuffed birds, strange animals and plants, together with specimens of gold found in the new country. Then came Columbus, followed by many Spanish noblemen.

The sovereigns received him very graciously. They rose to greet him, and, as a mark of favor, caused him to be seated while telling his story. The joy over the discovery of a New World spread throughout Spain, and Columbus found himself the most honored man in the country.

When did Columbus make his first voyage?

What was he seeking?

What occurred on the voyage?

When was land discovered?

How was he greeted on his return?

Locate all the places mentioned in this chapter.

| | | | |
|--------------|------------|-----------|------------|
| immediately | departed | accompany | mariners |
| navigators | caravels | dispelled | constantly |
| embarked | abundance | prudent | sovereigns |
| disheartened | possession | cassava | convinced |
| exploring | procession | ornaments | specimens |
| graciously | honored | concluded | admiring |



9. OTHER VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS.

The Spanish rulers were anxious for Columbus to make a more extensive expedition and colonize the New World. He therefore made preparations, and was ready to start on another voyage by September, 1493.

Instead of the three small caravels, he had this time a fleet of seventeen ships, with twelve hundred men on board. Such glowing accounts of the New World had been given that hundreds were anxious to go, believing that the sands of the rivers were gold, and that the mountains were full of precious stones.

Among these men were miners, farmers, carpenters, and priests. They took with them horses, cattle, dogs, and other domestic animals, together with grain, vines, and the seeds of many plants.

On arriving at Hayti, they found the fort destroyed, and all the Spaniards killed. The Indians claimed that the Spaniards had been quarrelsome, and had ill-treated them; so they had destroyed them. A new settlement was soon begun, which Columbus called Isabella, in honor of the queen.

It was not long, however, before troubles arose. The men who had come expecting to gain great wealth without work were disappointed. The mountains of gold were not to be found, the provisions began to fail, and there was much sickness among the men.

Columbus, who had been made governor of all the lands he discovered, found it a difficult matter to keep peace among the discontented men.

He sailed west on a voyage of discovery. He visited Cuba again, discovered Jamaica, and, after sailing about among the islands, returned to Isabella.

He found the affairs of the colony in a bad condition. Many, who at home had not been used to work, grumbled when compelled to bear their share of the burden.

Already some had returned to Spain. Columbus knew that they would make unjust complaints against him to the rulers, so he decided to return and to take with him all who were dissatisfied with Hayti. This he did, so, after a voyage of three months, a disappointed and dejected lot of people were landed in Spain.

Many of the people now lost faith in Columbus and the abundant riches of the New World, but Ferdinand and Isabella did not. They again furnished ships and men, and Columbus started out on his third voyage, in 1498.

He sailed farther to the south this time, and discovered Trinidad. This island which lies near the coast of South America, Columbus saw from his ship, but did not visit, supposing it to be another island. He obtained many fine pearls from the natives of this locality, and, after sailing along the coast for a time, returned to Hayti.

He found the affairs of the colony still in a bad condition. Men had become lawless and refused to obey Columbus. Many evil reports of him were sent to the king.

At length Ferdinand sent an officer to investigate the affairs of the colony. This officer summoned Columbus to appear before him and sent him back to Spain in chains.

When the people of Spain learned that the discoverer of the New World had returned a prisoner and in chains, they were very indignant. News of his arrival soon reached the ears of the king and queen, who were also shocked at the treatment he had received. and who caused him to be set at liberty.

Columbus, although now an old man, was anxious to set out on another voyage of discovery. This he was permitted to do in 1502, but was forbidden to go to the colony in Hayti.

He was still searching for a passage to India. He thought there must be a strait connecting the Atlantic with the Indian Ocean. If this could be found, it would form a passage to India, which, he thought, lay just beyond the land discovered.

After cruising about for some time in a vain search for this strait, he found his ships so worm-eaten that they were no longer safe. He tried to reach Hayti, but when he came to Jamaica he was obliged to run them aground.

What was to be done now? The ships were beyond repair. Now it was that Mendez, a brave follower of Columbus, offered to try to reach Hayti in a canoe, to procure ships for him. This perilous voyage he accomplished in safety, although it was fully a year before aid was sent.

During all this time Columbus was obliged to depend on the natives for food. At first and for a long time plenty of supplies were obtained in exchange for the trinkets that he and his men had brought with them. But finally the natives became tired of these and refused to bring the necessary food to exchange for them. Thus the men were threatened with starvation.

Columbus now determined to try to frighten the natives into bringing the needed food. He knew that an eclipse of the moon was soon to occur; so he assembled all the native chiefs, and told them the Great God was angry with them for not providing food for them. They would see a sign of his anger that night. The moon would change its color and grow dark.

The Indians were inclined to make light of this at first, but when they saw the shadow gradually creeping over the moon they were much frightened and readily promised to bring all the provisions needed.

When at length the ships appeared, Columbus was taken to Hayti and afterwards to Spain. His health was gone; little attention was paid the great man, and, upon the death of Isabella, which occurred shortly after his return, he felt himself almost friendless.

He died May 20, 1506, at the age of seventy, believing to the last that he had simply discovered another part of Asia, and had thus opened up an easy passage to India.

“This is my own, my native land!”

How delighted we are, who can say this of America—America, the gem of the ocean! How interesting to us are the life and character of Columbus!

What was accomplished on the second voyage?

What discoveries were made on the third voyage?

Why was Columbus sent home in chains?

What occurred on his last voyage?

When did he die?

Name in order all the discoveries made by Columbus.

Locate each on the map.

Tell in your own words what you think of the usefulness, the character, and the fate of Columbus.

Tell in your own words why you think Columbus was a generous man; a thoughtful man; a firm man; a brave man; a noble man, etc.

Write what you think of the fate of Columbus.

| | | | |
|-----------|-------------|--------------|----------|
| extensive | expedition | quarrelsome | governor |
| affairs | complaints | dissatisfied | abundant |
| locality | investigate | officer | arrival |
| anxious | permitted | cruising | eclipse |

10. THE INDIANS.

When the men from Europe came to the New World, they found it inhabited by a race of savages, whom they called Indians.

They were divided into numberless tribes, which were widely scattered over nearly the whole of the country, but most of them had made their homes in the rich lands east

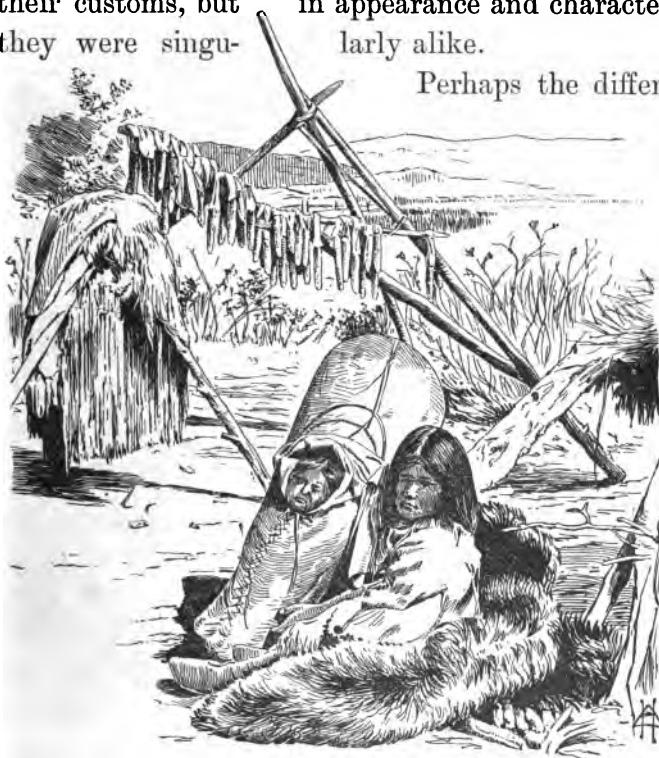


of the Mississippi. Each tribe was ruled by a sachem or chief, the elder men of the tribe being his advisers on all important occasions, but the

Indians never had a regular government, as the Saxons had.

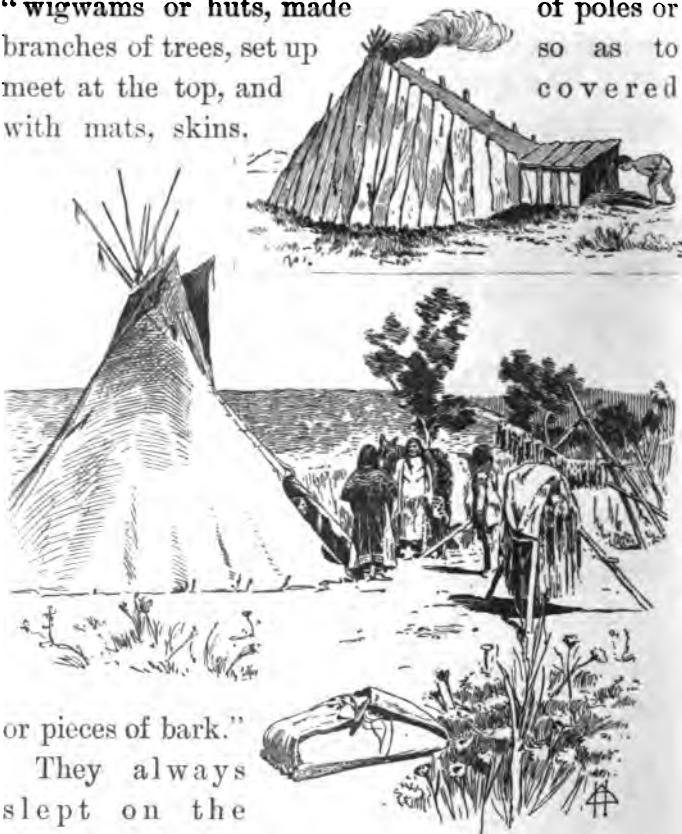
The tribes living in different parts of the country differed considerably in their language and in their customs, but in appearance and character they were singularly alike.

Perhaps the differ-



ence between them is shown as distinctly in the kinds of houses they used as in any other way. Some of the tribes lived in holes dug in the

ground, others dwelt in caves cut in the sides of rocky cliffs, but the greater part of them built "wigwams or huts, made of poles or branches of trees, set up so as to meet at the top, and covered with mats, skins,



or pieces of bark."

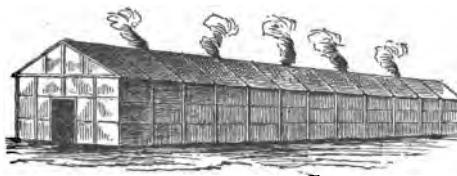
They always slept on the ground, in cold weather on the shaggy skins of the buffalo or bear, in summer on beds made of the boughs of the fragrant hemlock. They used gourds or wood-

en bowls for drinking. Some tribes served their food in rude vessels made of clay and baked in the fire. You will see how very much these ves-



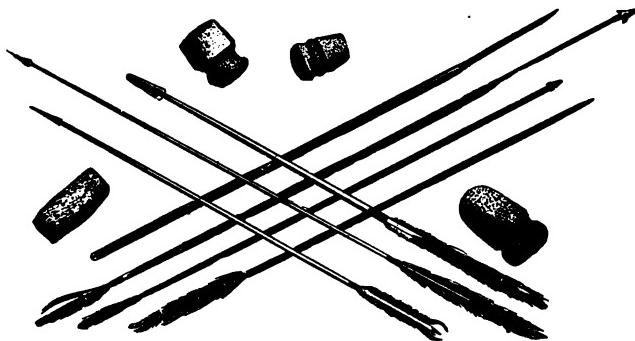
sels resemble those made by our heathen or Saxon forefathers (see pages 215 and 216).

Those tribes that lived near mighty rivers or great lakes depended for food, for the most part, upon the fish which they caught. The Indians were very skilful fishers, using both nets and traps, as also fishing lines.



They built light canoes of birch bark, or hollowed out the trunks of trees to make stronger boats. They handled their boats so dexterously that they could manage them in the swiftest currents, or guide them safely through the most dangerous rapids.

Those tribes, on the other hand, that dwelt on the broad prairies or in the dense forests, where all sorts of game abounded, lived chiefly by hunting. They would track the wild animals for miles through the pathless forests, shooting them with



their bows and arrows, or in a close contest dispatching them with a tomahawk.

They were especially fond of hunting buffaloes, which they would sometimes drive over the edge of a precipice in great numbers, just for the mere pleasure of killing them.

Many of you may have found Indian arrow-heads in your walks out in the country, or you may have seen them in the private collection of a friend, or in a museum.

The Indian —

“ Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,
Hard and polished, keen and costly.”

As for the bow,—

“ From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-tree made the arrows,
Tipped with flint and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deerskin.”

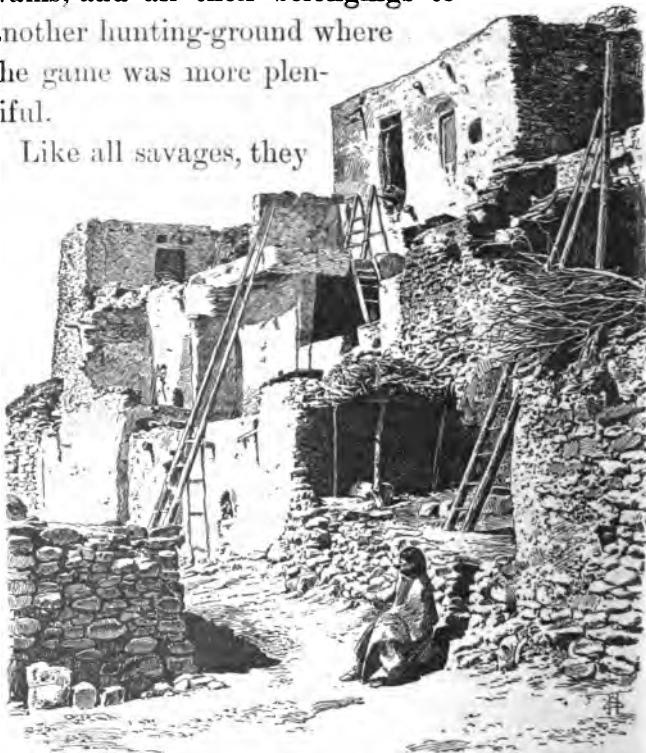
The tomahawk was merely a hatchet, the head being made of stone, having sharp edges, and fitted with a wooden handle.

The men never gave any attention to agriculture, but “ sometimes the women or squaws would raise a little patch of corn or beans, cultivated with a hoe, made perhaps of a clam-shell, or a moose’s shoulder-blade, fastened to a handle.”

Unlike the Saxons and the Britons, most of the

Indians did not live long in one place. As soon as the game began to be scarce in one part of their land, they would move their families, their wigwams, and all their belongings to another hunting-ground where the game was more plentiful.

Like all savages, they



took more pleasure in fighting than in hunting or fishing. Wars between the tribes were going on in some part of the country nearly all the time.

They seldom fought in open battles as the people

of Europe did, but "would creep stealthily through the wild forests to rush upon their enemies when least expected. The one who could show the greatest number of scalps torn from the heads of his foes was considered the bravest warrior."

In appearance the Indians were entirely different from any of the people of Europe. They belonged to a different race. Their skin was reddish, or copper-colored, and their eyes were dark and deeply set. Their straight, black hair grew long, sometimes almost covering their faces. They wore no beards as the Europeans did.



They clothed themselves with the skins of animals, and for ornament wore strings of beads or shells, called wampum, and, like the Britons, stained their faces and bodies with colored earths and the juices of plants.

This is a description of the dress of a young Indian brave:—

“ He was dressed in shirt of doeskin,
White and soft and fringed with ermine,
All inwrought with beads of wampum ;
He was dressed in deerskin leggings,
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,
And in moccasins of buckskin,
Thick with quills and beads embroidered ;
On his head were plumes of swan’s down,
On his heels were tails of foxes,
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,
Streaks of blue and bright vermillion,
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth and parted like a woman’s,
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
Hung with braids of scented grasses.”

Only the chiefs were thus gaily dressed.
The Indian has justly been called the man of
the woods, for —

“ He learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter.

Of all the beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,

Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid."

He was —

" Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly arts and labors.
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness
That the arrow fell behind him.
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness
That the tenth had left the bowstring
Ere the first to earth had fallen."

But, in spite of all these good traits, the Indians were always sullen and unsocial, and, when angered, no race has ever shown the power of being more cruel or more treacherous.

Like the Saxons, the Indian tribes warred with each other, trying to destroy each other whenever they had the opportunity ; but, unlike the Saxons as we found them in Germany, and unlike them as we found them in England, the Indians never united successfully against a common enemy.

They were not as wise as the Saxons. They did not see the benefits of union. Perhaps they were too jealous of each other.

I will ask you to read two poems from Mr. Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

A PLEA FOR PEACE.

"'O my children, my poor children !
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life who made you !

I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes ;
Why then are you not contented ?
Why then will you hunt each other ?

I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions ;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord ;
Therefore, be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.' "

HOW THE CANOE WAS MADE.

“ Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree !
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree !
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley !
I a light canoe will build me,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily !

Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree !
Lay aside your white skin wrapper,
For the summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white skin wrapper ! ”

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha !
In the solitary forest,
When the birds were singing gayly.

With his knife the tree he girdled ;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward ;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

Give me of your boughs, O Cedar,
Of your strong and pliant branches,

My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me !'

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

' Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree !
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together,
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me ! '

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the larch tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

' Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree !
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me ! '

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the fir tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

' Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog !
I will make a necklace of them,

Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom.'

From a hollow tree the hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,

'Take my quills, O Hiawatha !'
From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries ;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the birch canoe was builded,
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest ;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews ;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily."

11. VIRGINIA.

The news of the discoveries made by Columbus spread quickly over all Europe. Every nation was now anxious to find a different passage to the East Indies.

England had sent out John Cabot, who thought he could find a northwest passage to India. Instead of doing so, he discovered the continent of America near Labrador, and took possession of it for England.

For about one hundred years, however, England paid little attention to America. Ships occasionally crossed the ocean to fish near its shores, and but few attempts had been made to form settlements there. These had all been unsuccessful.

But now another attempt was to be made. About one hundred men had been found who were willing to go to the New World.

In December of 1606, three ships carrying a little company of men left England, to make what proved to be the first permanent English settlement in America. Captain John Smith was one of the company.

The voyagers took the old passage to the West Indies, where they remained some time. Then they sailed north, along the coast of North America,

seeking for a good harbor. In April, 1607, a storm drove them for shelter into Chesapeake Bay. They were much pleased with the beauty of the country, and decided to look about for a place in which to settle.

They entered a broad river called by the Indians Powhatan ; but they named it the James River in honor of their ruler in England,— King James.

A place about forty miles from the mouth of the river was selected for their settlement, which they named Jamestown, also in honor of their king.

After this fort was finished, Smith with several others started out to explore the James River. They visited Powhatan, the great chief of all the Indians of that section. At first the Indians were inclined to treat the English kindly. But when they saw settlements being made, they feared they were to be robbed of their lands, and so began to be troublesome.

It was not long before trouble arose in the colony. Many of the men knew very little about work, and still less about making settlements. They seemed to think that the food brought with them would last forever, and so they did nothing toward raising corn. During the summer nearly one half of their number died because of the scarcity of food and the lack of shelter.

Smith was the only man of the company who seemed capable of managing affairs. He went boldly up and down the rivers, trading with the Indians for corn, and thus saved the men from starvation.

On one of these excursions, Smith, through the negligence and carelessness of his men, was cap-



tured by the Indians. His companions were killed, but he himself escaped by giving the Indians a sailor's compass. The Indians could see the movements of the needle through the glass, but could not touch it, and were unable to understand its queer movements.

Ask your teacher to show you a compass, and to explain to you why the needle turns.

The worthless rulers of the settlements had allowed the men to become idle and unruly. Had it not been for friendly Indians, who brought them supplies of corn, they must certainly have starved.

In the spring, ships arrived from England, bringing food and men. The supplies were quickly used, and then the colony became as poor as ever. The men spent most of their time looking for gold, instead of planting corn or in other ways providing for the future.

Shortly after his return to Jamestown, Smith was made governor of the colony. A change soon took place in the settlement. Smith forced the idle ones to work, by telling them that only those who did so should eat. He also had the Indians teach them how to plant and raise Indian corn, or maize, as they called it.

Smith's glory did not last long, however. Urged by some of his enemies, the authorities caused his return to England in 1609.

The winter following Smith's return to England was one of great suffering in Jamestown, on account of the lack of food and proper shelter.

In the spring, however, ships came from England with more men and supplies. From that time the settlement of Virginia grew and prospered. A hardier and better set of men came over, men

better able to build homes, to till the soil, and to resist the Indians, than the "gentlemen" who accompanied Smith.

Many settlements sprang up throughout Virginia, along the shores of the numerous rivers. Few towns or centres of population were built, however.

The cultivation of tobacco led to the establishment of large estates. The owners of these large plantations, or the planters, as they were called, soon became immensely rich and powerful. The plantations descended from father to son, and thus remained in the family generation after generation.

A great number of men were required to carry on the plantations properly, so many poor people were brought over from the old country to become the apprentices of these planters.

Their length of service was seven years, during which time, having no expenses, some of them were able to save considerable money, and so at the expiration of their apprenticeship, being well skilled in raising tobacco, they were able to buy and cultivate small plantations of their own.

The raising of tobacco was the chief business of Virginia. Every available foot of ground was planted with it. Many ship-loads were sent to England annually, and later to the other colonies.

of America. For a long time tobacco took the place of money in the colony, the colonists paying not only salaries and taxes with that article, but also for all the goods they received.

In 1619 the council in London, which had hitherto foolishly tried to govern the colony, was abolished, and a new charter was granted, and the colonists were allowed to rule themselves for a short time.

The first legislative body in America was established in this year. It consisted of the governor, the council, and the House of Burgesses, or representatives from the different plantations. A written constitution was granted, and every free-man was given the right to vote. This was the foundation of civil rights in America. This legislative government grew into a state; the plantations where representatives were elected grew into counties. Thus at this time the state and counties of Virginia began.

In 1624, however, the king of England thought that the colonists were getting too powerful under their self-rule; so he took away from them their charter and appointed a governor and a council. Thus Virginia became a royal province. The colonists retained the House of Burgesses, however.

The royal governors were often uneducated and

unprincipled men who ruled for their own good and entirely ignored the welfare of the colonists.

The planters, however, were generally men well educated, refined, and accustomed to rule and command. So they became magistrates, and were appointed to the Council and elected to the House of Burgesses. Thus these men were obtaining control of the colony.

Many men siding with the king of England, called Royalists, came to Virginia during trouble in England between the royal family and the people. These were gladly welcomed by the rich planters.

During the few years of civil liberty in England, when the people themselves ruled, the lower classes of the people of Virginia were allowed to appoint their magistrates and members of the Council and Assembly.

Soon, however, the nobility was restored, and the great land-owners in Virginia once more came into power, when the common people were held down and imposed upon more than ever on account of their few years of civil freedom.

The Church of England became that of the colony, and all were obliged to support it, however distasteful this was to them.

The colonists, in 1676, rose in rebellion against

the tyranny and oppression of the powerful land-owners. Success favored them for a time; but their leader being killed, they soon lost heart and succumbed to the tyrants. Many of the freedom-loving colonists were hanged.

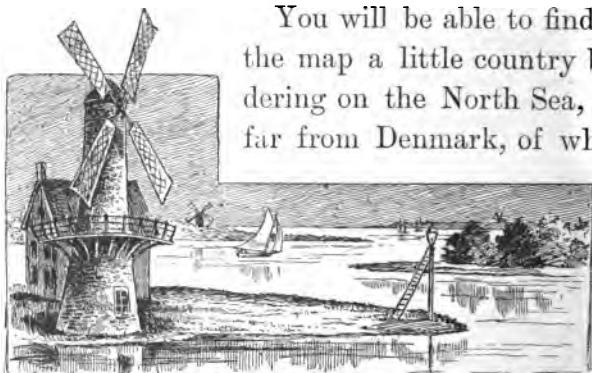
Though suppressed for the time, the spirit of freedom still dwelt in the hearts of the Virginians. In spite of many adversities and drawbacks, the colony flourished and grew rapidly in numbers and wealth. All the time the people were learning how to govern themselves. Saxons as they were, nothing else would satisfy them.

| | | |
|--------------|-------------|-----------------|
| discoveries | negligence | constitution |
| anxious | governor | representatives |
| Labrador | salaries | unprincipled |
| occasionally | hitherto | magistrates |
| Chesapeake | abolished | Virginia |
| considerable | uneducated | welcomed |
| cultivate | accustomed | Royalists |
| available | authorities | Assembly |
| council | flourished | distasteful |
| Burgesses | accompanied | succumbed |
| troublesome | generation | adversities |
| capable | apprentices | population |
| starvation | legislative | companions |

12. DUTCH SETTLEMENTS IN NEW YORK.

Would you not like to know whence the ancestors of the thrifty farmers, who cultivate the rich and fertile fields along the banks of the famous Hudson River, came? Would you like to know the cause of their wonderful success and progress? Well, then, together let us talk the matter over.

You will be able to find on the map a little country bordering on the North Sea, not far from Denmark, of which



you already know much. This place is Holland, whose inhabitants are called Dutch.

The forefathers of these people were Saxons. Some of the Saxons you will remember crossed the German Ocean to fight the English. Other Saxons settled in Holland. They had the same love of liberty, and wanted the same kind of government as they wanted who went to England.

Holland was different from most other countries

in its form of government, in that, each town governed itself by its own laws, provided for its own defence, and indeed had entire control over its own territory and people.

Each town was governed by a body of men called the board of magistrates, who were elected annually by the land-owners in the town. Each of these men acted under the instructions of the people whose vote caused his election.

Thus, the government of Holland rested for a great part with its people.

Each town had an officer of its own nomination, called the "schout," in other words, a judge of crimes, whose business it was to see that justice was done in his town.

As the country grew, a certain number of men, called "Good Men," from each town or province, met and formed what was called the "States-General." After several years the States-General took from the towns some of their rights, but afterwards restored them upon continued demands of the people. The right of the towns to confer with each other on all questions was granted them.

No taxes were to be imposed without consent of the States. The freedom of trade and of commerce was also secured to the people.

The Dutch were a great sea-faring people, so

that their bravery and skill on the deep was far-famed. They were the greatest merchants of the world at that time. With their ships they were constantly crossing and re-crossing the seas to other countries, trading, buying, and selling.

In 1609, an enterprising company sent an English sailor with a band of sturdy Dutchmen on a voyage of discovery. Their object was to find a shorter route for their ships to India, the place where they did most trading.

So it happened that Henry, or Hendrick Hudson entered the bay, now called New York Bay, and sailed up the majestic river which now bears his name. His ship was the historic Half-Moon.

Although he failed in his purpose, nevertheless he opened a new trading-place for the Dutch. The States-General granted to a company the right to trade with this territory which



belonged to Holland by right of discovery. The object of the company was to secure control of the fur trade with the Indians, and not like the other colonies, to make settlements.

The Hudson was bordered with forests, and was well filled with fish. Three trading posts were established on its banks, one where New York now stands. The country was called, from the name of the fatherland, the Netherlands, and the city, New Amsterdam, from the city Amsterdam from which Hudson and his party sailed.

The company was governed by an assembly. In this assembly was vested the entire rule of the company, but they were expected to follow the customs of the fatherland.

On account of the monopoly of trade, the inducements for immigration were small. Therefore the States-General issued another charter to a new company. According to this document, every person, generally a favorite of the company, establishing a colony of fifty persons in the new country, was allowed four miles of land bordering on the river and extending inland as far as desirable. This practically established a monopoly in land.

The person receiving a grant of land was called a "patroon," and the home that was made thereon was called a "manor" or a homestead.

This inducement caused many colonies to spring up under the patroons, or lords of the manors, as they were called. According to the charter, the patroons were freed from taxes and customs for ten years after immigration.

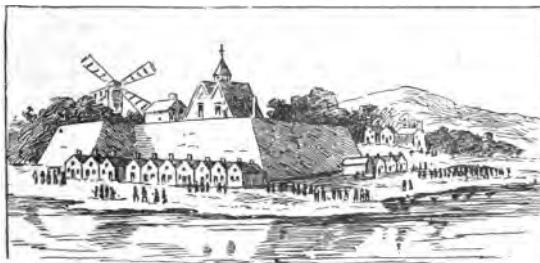
To secure these advantages, the patroons brought over from the old country poor people who were glad of the chance of bettering their condition, and of living where they would not be restricted in their religious beliefs. The patroons paid all the expenses of their transportation, gave them shelter, stocked their farms, and provided them with implements.

They, in turn, were bound for a certain period of years to serve the proprietors, and to turn over to them all profits of the land. Thus all concerned were benefited. The settlers learned how to till the land and how to build their homes, so that when freed, they were able to take care of themselves. They thus became prosperous and respected citizens. By a provision of the charter, a minister and a schoolmaster were to be supported in each colony.

Each patroon appointed officers, established courts, administered justice, and punished all crimes committed on his manor.

The monopoly in trade, land, and government

was very distasteful to the freeborn Dutch. To remedy this, new charters were established, so that any person taking "five souls" to the new country was decreed a "master," and was allowed two hundred acres of land. This increased the immigration greatly. The country began to swarm with colonists. Towns and cities were established. The Dutch settlers demanded a voice in the government, so the company felt compelled to recognize their town government; therefore, in 1641, the Director General, or Governor of the colony, invited all "masters" and heads of families of New



Amsterdam to assemble and confer with him upon "something of greatest importance." "Twelve select men" were chosen to consult with the director. They demanded that each settlement have its own council as in Holland. This was granted by the company after much opposition.

In less than fifty years after the voyage of Hud-

son every settlement on the Hudson had its own council of "Nine Men," and together with the Governor ruled themselves.

This government did not last long; for in 1664 the English landed and conquered New Amsterdam. The name of the city was changed to New York, in honor of the Duke of York, who commanded the expedition.

Under the English, however, the colonists still longed to govern themselves. After twenty years, however, of strife on the one hand, and oppression on the other, the descendants of the freeman from the shores of the North Sea were able to call themselves their own masters.

13. THE CUSTOMS OF THE DUTCH.

The Dutch, unlike their fellow colonists in New England and in the South, were a jolly set. Among them many holidays were celebrated with much mirth and pleasantry. Christmas was the feast day of the year.

At these times the tables groaned under their heavy loads of rich viands; many costly presents were exchanged. The proprietors of large establishments were expected to give each one of those

whom they employed a remembrance of some value.

On New Year's the women as well as the men exchanged the courtesies of the season. At Easter many were the brilliantly colored eggs, which caused the children's hearts to flutter with inward joy. On all those days dancing and games were indulged in by the old as well as by the young.



The homes of the Dutch were models of neatness. The uncarpeted floors were scrubbed so often with soap and sand that they shone with a glossiness equal to that of the hard-wood floors of the present day.

A Dutch lover wooed his girl on his knees, at

the same time smoking his pipe and wearing his low broad-rimmed hat.

A marriage was announced three weeks before taking place in the churches. Wedding festivities often lasted several days, or until every one was compelled to cease from sheer exhaustion.

14. NEW ENGLAND.

In the early part of the seventeenth century England was governed by a king who did not keep his promise to rule according to the Great Charter.

He was unjust in many ways, but he made most trouble by commanding that all the people should attend the same kind of church to which he belonged. Many of those who refused to do this were put in prison, or had their property taken from them.

Some hid themselves, and others left the country to make their homes in strange lands.

A few of those who left their pleasant, English homes settled in Holland, a land where people were allowed to think and act for themselves. But, though the Dutch were kind, their language seemed harsh and strange to English ears, and so the English people found it difficult to learn. As

their children grew up, they saw that it would be impossible to educate them in the English language as they wished. They feared, too, that their children would never know the dear English customs.

So, after living in Holland a few years, they determined to make new homes somewhere else. They chose the wilderness of America, where they could speak their own language, govern themselves according to their own ideas of justice, and worship God in the way that they thought right.

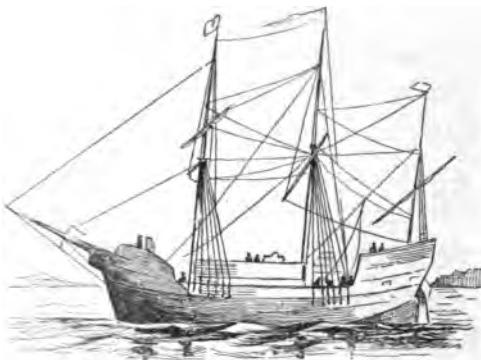
They wanted to see their native land once more, so they sailed first to England, where they were joined by friends. Then, in two vessels, the Speedwell and the Mayflower, they started for the New World. They knew this would be a long and dangerous journey.

“ No home for them here, too well they knew
The mitred king behind the throne ;
The sails were set, the pennon flew,
And westward ho ! for worlds unknown.”

The Speedwell soon sprung a leak, so they were obliged to turn back for repairs. Finally they decided to leave the Speedwell behind, and proceed in the Mayflower.

Accordingly about one hundred of these pilgrims — men, women and children — started once again

in the Mayflower. After a long and stormy voyage of about three months, they entered Cape Cod Bay, on the coast of what is now called Massachusetts, in December, 1620.



During the journey all the men signed an agreement to make just and equal laws and to obey them. I know you will be glad to read this agreement :—

"In the name of God, amen ; we, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign, King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid ;

and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

—••••—

15. THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast ;
And the woods against the stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band ; —
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ? —
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

— FELICIA HEMANS.

When the Pilgrims landed, most of the country they found was an unbroken wilderness, in whose dark forests roamed bears, wolves, panthers, and many other fierce animals. In those pathless woods, too, lurked the cruel and treacherous Indians, who might attack them at any moment.

As I said before, it was in the "bleak December" when they landed, so that the land appeared gloomier and more forbidding than it would have done at any other time of year. But, in spite of the bitter cold weather, and the stern appearance of the country, read how cheerfully one of these brave men described their settlement:—

" After our landing and viewing of the places as well as we could, we came to a conclusion, by most voyces, to set on the main land, in the first place on a high ground where there is a great deale of Land cleared and hath beene planted with Corne three or four years agoe, and there is a very sweet brooke runnes under the hillside and many delicate springs of as good water as can be drunke. . . . So many as could went to worke on the hill, which doth command all the plaine and the Bay and from whence we may see farre into the sea. So in the afternoon we went to measure out the grounds, and, first, we tooke notice how many Families they were, willing all single men

that had no wiues to ioyne with some Families, so that we might build fewer houses."

Each house was —

"Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest.

Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;

Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,

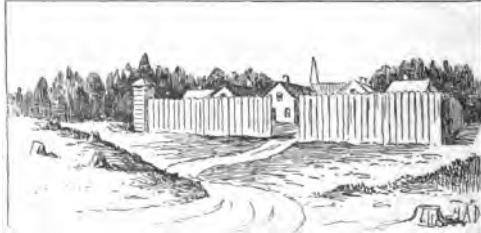
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded."

Each house and a considerable piece of ground for a garden they enclosed with a strong fence. As soon as the house was finished, the church, or meeting-house, was built. Finally a high, stout

fence, called a stockade, was put up all around the town, serving both as a defence

against the Indians, and to keep the cattle from straying.

A company of soldiers was organized to protect



them from the Indians ; Miles Standish, a brave soldier, was made captain. On the roof of the meeting-house they placed a cannon to help guard the town, but the Indians were so thoroughly terrified by the firearms of the English, that the people of Plymouth were not disturbed by them for many years.

During the first four months after their landing, nearly one half of the people died because of the severity of the climate, and because of a lack of food. But even this did not discourage the rest.

The Pilgrims levelled the graves, and in the spring planted the ground above to hide them from the Indians. They did not want the savages to see how weak they were, and how easily they might be destroyed.

“ Green above them is growing the field of wheat we
have sown there ;
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our
people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already
have perished.”

As soon as the spring came, they began to till the ground. They worked so hard that abundant crops were raised, so that they had no fear of famine for the coming winter.

“ Month after month passed away, and in autumn
came the ships of the merchants,
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for
the Pilgrims.
All in the village was peace ; the men were intent on
their labors,
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and
with merestead,
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in
the meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in
the forest.”

But some seasons the crops were not so successful. About three years after their settlement, one of the Pilgrims wrote the description of their trials :—

“ Not knowing at night when to have a bit in the morning, and having neither bread nor corn for three or four months together, yet bear our wants with cheerfulness.

“ Having but one boat left, we divide the men into several companies, six or seven in each, who take their turn and go out with a net and fish, and return not till they get some, though they may be five or six days out, knowing there is nothing at home, and to return would simply be a great discouragement.

"When they stay long, or get but little, the rest go a-digging shell-fish; and thus we live the summer, only sending one or two to range the woods for deer; they now and then get one, which we divide among the company, and in winter are helped with fowl and ground-nuts."

Soon after this, however, they learned how to cultivate the Indian corn, and after that they not only had enough corn for themselves, but had some to trade with the Indians for furs.

But when you remember that, at this time, a voyage to England took two or three months each way, you will see that the settlers had to depend upon their new country for nearly every comfort and necessity. As you have read, they built their houses of the logs which they cut down in the forests. They depended for food upon their own crops and cattle. Even much of the cloth they wore was spun and woven from the wool clipped from their own sheep.

I am sure, now, you would like to know something about the appearance and manners of these heroic Englishmen, who gave up their comfortable homes in England, and endured all these terrible hardships I have told you of, just that they might govern themselves and worship God in the way they thought right. If you could see them, as they

really looked, you would probably think “How grave and stern they are!” And so they were.

When not at work, they spent much time in reading the Bible or other religious books, or in talking about what they had read. They did not think that they could be good, and gay and joyous too. The little children were grave, too, because they were not allowed to play lively and delightful games as you are. I am sure you would have been pleased if you could have seen inside one of their houses. They were so very clean and neat, and everything was in such beautiful order.

“ Our Puritan fathers, stern and good,
Had never a holiday ;
Sober and earnest seemed life to them,
They only stopped to pray.

“ And the little Puritan maidens learned,
Their catechism through ;
And spun their stints, and wove themselves,
Their garments of homely blue.

“ At Christmas eve in the chimney place,
There was never a stocking hung ;
There never was woven a Christmas wreath ;
There was never a carol sung.

“ Sweet little Ruth with her flaxen hair,
All neatly braided and tied,
Was sitting one cold December day
At her pretty young mother’s side.

“ ‘I’ll tell thee, Ruth !’ her mother cried,
Herself scarce more than a girl,
As she smoothed her little daughter’s hair,
Lest it struggle out into a curl,

“ ‘If thy stint be spun each day this week,
And thou toil like the busy bee,
A Christmas present on Christmas day
I promise to give to thee.’

“ And then she talked of those merry times
She never could quite forget ;
The Christmas cheer, the holly and yule —
She was hardly a Puritan yet.

“ She talked of those dear old English days,
With tears in her loving eyes ;
And little Ruth heard, like a Puritan child,
With a quiet though glad surprise.

“ But nevertheless she thought of her gift
As much as would any of you ;
And busily round, each day of the week,
Her little spinning wheel flew.

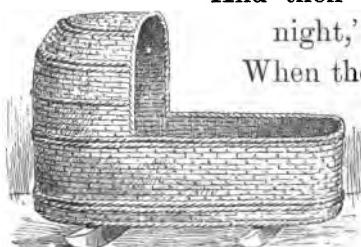
“ Tired little Ruth ! but oh, she thought,
She was paid for it after all,
When her mother gave her on Christmas day
A little Puritan doll.

“ ’Twas made of a piece of homespun sheet,
Dressed in a homespun gown ;
Cut just like Ruth’s, and a little cap
With a stiff white muslin crown.

“ A primly folded muslin cape—
I don’t think one of you all
Would have been so bold as to dare to play,
With that dignified Puritan doll.

“ Dear little Ruth shows her delight,
In her queer little quiet way ;
She did not say much, but she held her doll,
In her arms all Christmas day.

“ And then (she always said ‘ good-night,’
When the shadows began to fall),
She was so happy she
went to sleep
Still holding her
Christmas doll.”



The people of New England in the early days never wore brilliant colors, but dressed in quiet shades and in the simplest fashion. But they were so very neat that they always looked well.

Because they were so particular they were often called Puritans. But if one were in trouble, probably no one would have done more to help him than these same stiff, grave Puritans.

They kept faithfully the agreement they had signed on board the Mayflower to make just laws and to be ruled by them. From time to time all the men of the village assembled in the meeting-house to attend to the public business, just as a thousand years before, in their old homes by the Baltic, and later in their new homes in England, the men of each Saxon town had met about their sacred tree to deal out justice, and to decide how they should be governed.

When other Englishmen, who were disgusted at the injustice at home, learned how successful the colony of Plymouth had been, they began to come over in gradually increasing numbers. In fifty years, settlements were made all along the New England coast. The white men began to make their way slowly westward toward lands where the soil was richer and the winds were less bleak and cutting than on the coast.

“Look now abroad! Another race has filled
Those populous borders — wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvest and green meads.”

As the number of settlers increased, the villages and towns grew larger and more numerous. The people of each village governed themselves in much the same way as those at Plymouth did. Each town held itself responsible for protecting its people from all personal harm, from robbery and injustice of all kinds. They also saw that the public roads were kept in order, that the stockade about the town was repaired. Many other local matters were attended to.

In the town meetings, which were always held in the meeting-house, several men, called selectmen, were chosen to attend to all this public business.

After the towns became numerous, in 1634, each town sent two men, called deputies, to a General Court. Here they made general laws governing all the towns, and called the union of towns *the Commonwealth*. This General Court was nearly the same as what is now the State Legislature. The government of the New England State grew out of the government of the towns. (See page 269.)

16. THE QUAKERS.

You remember that one reason why the first settlers of Massachusetts came to America was because in England they were not allowed to worship God in the way they liked best. Should you not think that the persecutions they had to endure would have made them liberal towards others who had different religious belief from their own?

But such was not the case, as what I have to tell will show you. In 1656 a number of Friends, or Quakers, came to America from England, and very sorry indeed were the people of Massachusetts to see them enter their colony. Almost every ship had brought to the colonists news of the trouble these Quakers were causing in England.

They were a class of people who had separated from the Church of England. They did not believe in war, and so refused to become soldiers even when commanded to do so by the king. When talking with people they used the words "thee" and "thou" instead of you. They wore plain drab-colored clothes. The men looked queer with their long coats and broad-brimmed hats. They refused to take off their hats to any one, as a mark of respect. This would look strange to us now.

At first, the Quakers were seized as soon as they landed in this country, and were put in prison before they had time to preach their doctrines; and when the ships were ready to return they were sent back to England. The colonists made a law threatening to whip and imprison any Quaker who should preach in the colony. They hoped by treating the Quakers thus severely to prevent others from coming to America.

But the Quakers only came in greater numbers. They believed it their duty to break the laws the colonists had made, and to preach their doctrines.

Their books were burned. Many were whipped and turned out into the forests, where they might be attacked by wild beasts, or worse still, by the savage Indians.

Severer laws still were made. Any Quaker who entered the colony was to have one ear cut off, and if he came a second time, he must lose the other ear. Some who persisted in preaching had holes bored through their tongues with red-hot irons, and their noses torn open.

In spite of these laws and cruelties, Quakers persisted in coming to Massachusetts, and in preaching. At last the colonists hanged four of the offenders. Among the number was Mary Dyer, whose husband and children lived in Rhode Island.

She had left her home and family to preach to the people, and once before this had been sentenced to be hanged. After the rope had been fastened around her neck she had been pardoned on condition that she would leave the colony forever.

But she could not stay away, although death awaited her there, and in a short time she returned to meet her fate. We can scarcely believe that such cruel laws were ever made; but the colonists believed they were doing what was best for the protection of their colony.

In England the Quakers suffered similar cruel treatment. One of their number was William Penn, a noted Quaker, one of their greatest and best men.



17. PENN AND THE QUAKERS.

William Penn was the son of Admiral Penn, who had done much good service for England, and who was a great favorite of Charles II. While at college, William had heard a celebrated Quaker, named Loe, preach, and had joined the Society of Friends.

As we may imagine, Admiral Penn was very angry when he learned that William had become

one of the despised Quakers. To think that he, who had fought in so many battles, should have a son who hated war! He scolded and argued, and finally turned William out of doors.

Penn's mother remained his constant friend, through whose influence he was sent to travel in France. It was hoped that in the gay society of

that country he might forget the Quakers. But when he returned to England his father found that he was still a Quaker.



Penn was now sent to Ireland to manage an estate belonging to his father. Here he met his friend Loe again, and united himself more firmly than ever to the Quakers.

It was no uncommon thing to see him in the streets, in his plain Quaker garb, preaching the doctrines of the Friends. He was imprisoned many times for this preaching.

For a long time, Penn's father had refused to see him, but before his death he became reconciled to him and left him a large fortune. Charles II.

had borrowed a large sum of money from Penn's father, and as he was unable to pay it, William Penn offered to take a large tract of land in America for the debt.

The king willingly agreed to this. Penn wished to call the land "Sylvania," from a Latin word meaning "forest"; but the king changed it to Pennsylvania, or Penn's Forest, in honor of Admiral Penn.

Penn had a reason for wanting this land in America. He saw that the Quakers could have no peace in England, and that they fared even worse in the New England colonies. But here was a spot where they could make their homes with no fear of being troubled because of their religion.

In 1681 Penn sent over a number of colonists, and the next year came himself with many more. Although this land had been given him by the king, yet he felt that the Indians whom he found there were the true owners. So he paid them fairly for their lands and made them his firm friends.

He also invited the Indian chiefs to meet him under the spreading branches of an elm tree on the banks of the Delaware River. Here a treaty of peace was made, which was not broken for a great many years. After all had smoked the pipe of peace, Penn made the Indians presents of knives,

kettles, beads, and trinkets, which pleased them greatly.

A city was laid out this year, called Philadelphia, which means "brotherly love." Penn remained in America two years, when he returned to England to aid the Quakers there.



Pennsylvania grew very rapidly. The Indians were friendly, and people of all beliefs found a home here with no fear of being molested. Persecution had taught the Quakers to be very thoughtful for others.

Who were the Quakers?

How were they treated by the people of Massachusetts?

Who was Mary Dyer?

Why did William Penn become a Quaker?

18. COLONIAL LIFE.

Let us imagine ourselves living in New England several hundred years after the discovery of America, and about to make a trip to Boston from a village, say thirty miles inland. This in those days would be a great undertaking ; for there were then no railroads, no turnpikes, and few stage coaches.

THE START.



We will await the weekly coach, a rickety old vehicle, drawn by poor, bony horses, that are fastened to the coach by means of many knotted ropes. Mounting this, we reach Boston after a weary day's ride. Bridges are almost unknown ; the roads are narrow and poorly kept. Often huge rocks and trees have fallen in the track, requiring much time in their removal.

Arriving at Boston, we find narrow, irregular, unpaved, rough, and muddy streets, the sidewalks being separated from the driveway only by a line of posts and a gutter.

Here we have ample time to survey the surroundings, it being unlawful to trot through the streets. These are lined with low, poorly built wooden houses with unpainted sides. The sharp-pointed roofs are surmounted by rude wooden railings. Here and there a brick dwelling, with gabled roof of yellow brick, is seen, surrounded by a low vine-covered porch. Here, during the long summer evenings, the family comes together, passing friends join them, and they note and comment upon the crowd, who, having no porch to sit upon, enjoy the fresh air by walking in the streets.

Although the streets are dirty and sometimes even filthy, the houses are models of neatness and cleanliness. Let us enter one of these houses and see what is within.

COLONIAL DRESS.

After rapping several times on the highly polished brass knocker, the pride of the housewife, the huge oaken door is opened by a plump, red-cheeked dame. Let us see how she is dressed as she precedes us to the kitchen which takes the place of the sitting-room of the modern home.

Her gown, which reaches only a little below her knees, is of linsey-woolsey, the result of her own labor. Her skirts are of the same material.

She wears heavy blue worsted stockings, summer or winter, her feet being encased in high-heeled leather shoes, or slippers, made prominent by their shining silver buckles. A snow-white apron is fastened about her waist, from which also hangs a pair of scissors and a bag containing her sewing material. Her braided hair hangs down her back, while a cap, also of home make, covers her head.

A COLONIAL KITCHEN.



On arriving at the fireplace and after a cordial "Make yourself at home," we are left to ourselves a moment, while our hostess goes for her husband. Let us profit by the opportunity to note what kind of place these plain-minded, easy-going people live in.

The room is square, with a low ceiling and whitewashed walls, for the houses of only the most wealthy are papered. One end of the room is nearly taken up by the fireplace, the principal feature of a house in these times. This serves a double purpose, namely that of cooking the meals and that of heating the house.

Even as the good wife stirs the steaming kettle, her wearied husband sits by the fireplace proudly watching her movements, at the same time possibly mending his broken harness, or perhaps revolving in his mind the all-important theme of the times, politics. For now, as ever, politics, like the weather, is a very convenient subject for conversation or thought.

In the picture you see a good representation of an old-fashioned fireplace. There are the iron crane and the hooks with which tea-kettles and pots are suspended over the huge logs and glowing embers, raised above the hearth, to create a draft, by the brass and irons.

To the left is the bake-oven, a huge opening lined with bricks, from which savory whiffs of pies and great loaves of sweet bread rising and browning under the careful eyes of the housewife are wafted.

Leaning against the wall in a convenient nook

are the shovel, the tongs, the poker, and the “goose feather” for a brush.

On a wooden peg overhead hangs a small pair of bellows with which to enliven the nearly extinguished coals in the morning, that have been covered with ashes during the night to preserve them, for in these days matches are an unknown luxury.

In a cupboard made for the purpose are extra kettles, cooking pans, tin roasters, tin plates, and rows of pewter kitchen ware.

Above the fireplace is a wooden shelf on which are placed flat-irons, a bowl of lard with a twisted cotton cloth for a wick, and perhaps, also, a tallow candle newly dipped, for Sunday use. On a string overhead are hanging rows of dried apples and pumpkins.

This chair probably belongs to the grandfather, and it is indeed worthy of him. It is a high, straight-backed, richly carved oaken chair, with a pair of thin, plain pieces for arm rests.



The two other chairs that grace the room are of less showy appearance, having rush-bottom seats and plain white pine framework.

There in the corner is a clock. Its top nearly touches the rafters and its long pendulum with measured tick-tick-tick forces the hands around to the hour, when a doleful-sounding bell announces to the occupants of the room that "it is time to get up," ding-ding-ding, six times; or to "put lights out," and "for friends to depart," nine solemn strokes.

Its round face on which is painted with rude figures an ancient war scene looks down on the round dining-table, covered with a plain but snow-



white cloth on which are several pewter and wooden plates and bowls. In the middle, away from all danger of being knocked off by some careless man, are a few china bowls decorated with quaint hunting scenes in blue.

There, under the protection of the clock as it were, are the spinning-wheel and the reel with the wool and flax waiting for the nimble fingers of

the dame on the morrow to resume her spinning. Near this is a small three-legged stool on which she sits while working.

A MAN'S DRESS.

Sh ! There comes my lady, returning with her husband. He is dressed in a snuff-colored frock, short in front and very long behind, with large brass buttons on either side and a small cape covering his shoulders. The sleeves are frilled with lace.

His vest is made of linsey-woolsey ; his short clothes are of the same material and are, like the frock, frilled at the bottom. His feet are covered with leather shoes of his own manufacture. His hair is done up in a queue and is profusely powdered so as to conceal its natural color, being fastened with an enormous bow. In his hand he carries his three-cornered hat.

To show his hospitality, and perhaps also to display his family pride, he takes us to the "best room."

THE BEST ROOM.

This room is seldom opened except on Sundays, or on cleaning days, when the housewife carefully dusts every article, washes the windows, and

scatters clean, white sand over the floor, marking queer figures in it with the broom.

Covering the walls, we see hanging the extra clothing of the family on wooden pegs driven



between the logs of the wall. There are also chests of drawers filled with rich treasures of home-spun.

The fireplace is filled with evergreen, renewed every week, while on the shelf are seen a few books, carefully put away for Sunday reading.

Besides these there is a corner cupboard with glass doors, behind which are placed in regular order the china and silverware of the household. These are for show, rather than for use.

Returning to the kitchen, a little conversation ensues around the fireplace and between sips of fragrant tea. The husband is very eloquent on the subject of a new stage coach route between New York and Boston,—a six-days journey.

He favors the plan of adding the title of city clerk to the already numerous titles of the school

teacher, who pounds the alphabet, a little arithmetic and spelling, and still less geography, into the heads of the poor boys for two or three months every winter. Schools are always built "under the very eaves of the churches."

The schoolmaster is boarded free among the inhabitants for the help he gives the boys with their lessons, the girls by holding their flax, and the older people by stories of his travels in the world. The girls attend school two months in the summer, when they are taught by a lady.

We are in the midst of a lively discussion as to whether newspapers are beneficial or not, when the clock in the corner strikes nine, and without further discourse we are led to the room above, where we are to pass the night. With a hearty well-wishing for our peaceful slumber, our host leaves us to our own thoughts.

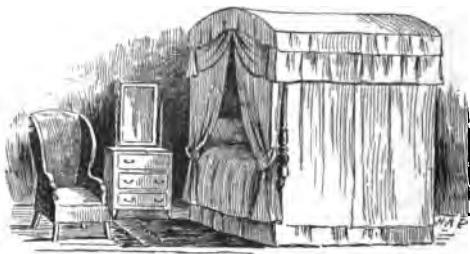
A BEDROOM.

Not being so strict as to the nine o'clock regulation of "lights out," we may look around us a little at the contents of our chamber.

First, there is the bed,—a high, four-post affair, keeping silent watch over the same painful order which was met with below. The heavy drapery of the bedstead is of blue and white linen. The

downy pillow and soft bolster are covered with the same pure white material.

By the side of the bed is a chest of drawers



filled with rich stores of bed and table lin- en, the result of many days of hard hand labor. The top

is used as a wash-stand, the pitcher and bowl being of pewter. Hanging overhead is a double-plate looking-glass framed in scalloped wood. A few stiff-backed, white-pine chairs complete the furnishings of the room.

A low-gabled window, heavily leaded,—that is, the different pieces of glass being connected by lead,—overlooks the unlighted street, where, at this very moment, the watchman with his lantern and heavy pike, dressed in a long, black gown and three-cornered hat, is calling “nine o’clock, and all’s well !”

This is welcome news to the peacefully inclined people, for riots and street brawls are nightly occurrences.

The window is hung with blue damask. The door is fastened by a wooden latch on the inside.

The latch is lifted from without by a string. The door is without further means of fastening.

Next morning being Sunday, we rise a little later, and after a hearty breakfast of porridge and milk, salt pork and beans, brown bread and coffee, we start off on foot for the little church, built of bricks brought from old England.

THE CHURCH.

There are no plays, no concerts, no balls, no entertainments of any kind, during the week. For this reason the sermon by the poorly clad, and poorly paid, minister, who, nevertheless is the most highly respected man in the community, is an affair of great importance. And woe to him who absents himself from the meeting. He is hunted down, placed in the stocks, and if he remains away a second time, is put in the back of a cart and carried through the streets to be jeered and laughed at by the crowd.

The women, clad in long cloaks and long black bonnets, walk leisurely along in pairs, followed by the men. The women sit in one part of the church, the men in another, and the children in still another, generally on the steps leading to the pulpit, where they can be watched easily and kept in order by the constable or tithing-man.

The duty of a tithing-man in church is to keep the children quiet, as well as to wake any person who has fallen asleep. This is done by rapping the offender, if a man, over the head with the booted end of a wand ; if a woman, with the other end, to which is attached the tail of a hare. Thus the drowsy man and careworn matron are reminded of their duty.

The pews are high, straight-backed boxes, the seats being without cushions. There are no foot-rests. No person is allowed to leave until the sand in an hour-glass has run its course, the prescribed length of a sermon being an hour.

There are no fireplaces in the churches with which to heat them ; so the women, for their own comfort, bring small tin or wooden foot-ovens filled with heated water or bricks warmed over night at the fireplace at home.

After the sermon, a contribution is taken up. Corn, barley, bacon, beans, or possibly pine-tree shillings, are given. The minister's yearly pittance, about ten pounds, which in our money is equal to nearly fifty dollars, is paid in the above-named articles.

The minister is always consulted on private matters and ventures ; he is called upon to settle disputes, to advise the failing, to heal the sick, and

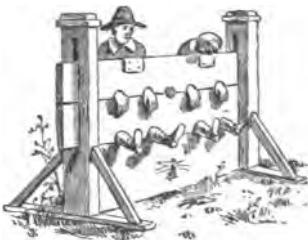
sometimes he is consulted on matters relating to the government of the village. He is, indeed, a great man, looked up to by all with reverence and even awe.

In the small towns and parishes the men go to church armed to the teeth, and sit with their guns beside them for fear of the Indians. The ministers have the entire control over the punishment of offenders.

CRIMES AND PUNISHMENT.

The morals of the New Englanders were very severe, the slightest offence being very heavily punished. A man was whipped at the stake or behind a cart for shooting fowl on Sunday. Transgressions of the tongue were severely dealt with.

The tongue of one who swore was put in a cleft stick, or he himself was put in the stocks. The unlucky person who was compelled to sit in the stocks had his feet and hands securely fastened between blocks of wood, and being obliged to stay there until a constable in his rounds would take pity on him and release him from his undignified position. In extreme



cases the offender would be imprisoned, or his tongue would be bored with a red-hot iron.



The housewife who scolded her husband was compelled to stand at her doorway with her mouth gagged. If after this her tongue was still unruly, she was ducked in the neighboring pond or stream.

Abuse of the church or of the government was considered the worst of crimes. The offender's ears in such cases were cut off; besides, he was heavily fined, and given time to repent at his leisure in the stocks or the pillory.

In a pillory, the face and hands of the offender were fastened between two huge blocks of wood, where, without food or water, he was compelled to stay, the object of many jokes and jeers of the crowd which always gathered to witness his confusion. A perpetrator of minor deeds was made to stand in the meeting-house during service, wrapped in a white sheet, with a paper stating the character of his offence pinned to him.

No youth under twenty-one could use tobacco



except by special permission from the proper authority. No person was allowed to eat mince pie on Christmas. Indeed, Christmas was the most quiet and peaceful day of the whole year.

Thanksgiving was the feast and gala day. It was then that the family reunion took place, and feasting and story-telling were engaged in by young and old.

There was little buying and selling in those days. If a man wanted a sheep, he would give in exchange for it a bushel of corn or turnips, a pound of sugar for a peck of beans. Thus everything was obtained. This is called bartering.

This means of commerce was carried on to a great extent with the Indians, blankets, gay ribbons, small looking-glasses, and all sorts of trinkets being given in exchange for furs, and often land.

The island on which New York City now stands was bought for trinkets amounting to a value of twenty-eight dollars of our money.

The account on the next page, by an American gentleman who has written many delightful stories for children, as well as for older people, of the making of pine-tree shillings, will please you at this time.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS.

Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, who coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business ; for in the earlier days of the colonies, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam-shells ; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers ; so they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more severely felt. To sup-

ply the demand, the General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and



tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court, all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers, who were little better than pirates, had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on one side, and the figure of a pine-tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every

twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket.

But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that in a few years, his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong-box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings.

— NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

| | | | |
|-------------|-------------|-------------|---------------|
| uncommon | reconciled | borrowed | Rhode Island |
| housewife | Delaware | willingly | Massachusetts |
| colonial | railroads | knotted | rapping |
| knocker | buckles | prominent | politics |
| scissors | opportunity | principal | extinguished |
| savory | convenient | rafters | decorated |
| occupants | announces | continually | manufacture |
| spinning | enormous | conceal | beneficial |
| cupboard | fragrant | alphabet | leisurely |
| occurrences | fastening | porridge | pillory |
| pittance | reverence | whipped | shillings |
| offenders | perpetrator | coinage | sixpences |
| bullion | bullets | tankard | Pennsylvania |

**19. THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM AMONG THE
AMERICAN COLONISTS.**

The American colonists, as you know, left home and friends and embarked on the pathless and treacherous deep, with the hope of bettering their condition in a new land. Their boats were small and poorly built, so that two or even three months were consumed in the journey which now takes but seven days. Raging storms were encountered and enormous icebergs were met with, which might have shattered their small, wooden barks with as much ease as if they had been eggshells.

When at last these adventurers reached the wild shores of America, they were worn and wearied with their journey. Often, too, fever and other sickness had come among them.

Instead of being welcomed by dear friends and relatives, their landing was fiercely opposed by savage red men. These Indians did not want to see an unknown race possess the land which had hitherto belonged to them alone. So the progress of the immigrants was doggedly fought, step by step. The wild beasts that filled the dark and dreary forests had never been disturbed by the peaceful sound of the woodman's axe.

The soil was uncultivated and was unused to the

strange seeds which the colonists brought over with them and now planted.

Houses had to be built of the unhewn logs of the forests, in which to find shelter from storms and savage beasts. The colonists were in constant dread of the savages, who often fell upon and massacred them for the mere pleasure of killing. Many long and bloody wars were fought before the settlers could work in the fields freely and without dread of the stealthy attacks of the Indians.

The climate of America, too,—the severe cold of winter as well as the extreme heat of summer,—caused the death of many of the settlers born and raised under the mild sky of the fatherland.

After thus establishing homes for themselves on a distant shore by their zealous toil, suffering, and bravery, were they not entitled to the freedom for which they longed?

In the mother country the people were not allowed to worship God according to their own belief. The government tried to force all to give up their own ideas and to worship God as the king did. When they refused to do this, many were cruelly put to death, often by burning at the stake. The homes of others with their belongings were confiscated; that is, were taken by the government. Their churches and religious books were burned.

Still remaining true to their God, and firm in their intentions, they were cruelly expelled from the country and ordered never to return. Thus other and many more colonists came to the newly discovered land, in search of the peace and freedom which were denied them at home.

In the new world the colonists could worship God according to their own desires. They built churches, procured new books, and selected from their own number ministers of the Gospel.

But in this country as well as in England they had many difficulties to contend with, though of a different nature and not so severe. They were, however, far removed from the hated religious doctrines of the mother country, and this fully recompensed their severe trials and privations.

There was still another class of people who sought the new country in hopes of bettering their condition. The poor people in England were allowed no voice in the government. They were called upon to defend the crown in time of war, and besides, they were heavily taxed, but they were not allowed to say how the hard-earned money, which they gave to the government, was to be expended.

To avoid this distasteful and hated slavery, for slavery it was in their minds, they embarked for

the new country, where many of their acquaintances had already taken refuge.

Here they lived, three thousand miles from their hated oppressors and masters, free and happy. Here they could govern themselves according to their own wishes. They, like their fellow-sufferers, were free to worship God as they pleased.

Here they could build houses, establish homes, and till the land, without fear of being robbed of them by some cruel tax-master.

The people of the new world were naturally united in mind and in spirit. Their sympathies all tended toward one end—freedom. They had been expelled from England under like circumstances; they had suffered alike; they had broken the same untilled soil, and together they had fought the wild Indian and driven the savage beasts from the forests.

The ancestors of most of these freedom-seeking people had been free men on the shores of the North and Baltic Seas many, many years before.

As generation after generation of the descendants of these people grew to manhood, the spirit of freedom became stronger and more marked in them.

Few of the colonists had ever been to England; some of them perhaps had heard of such a country

only by report. All they knew of the mother country was that their ancestors, four or five generations remote, had been cruelly and barbarously expelled for holding the same religious belief and the same ideas of government which they so dearly loved and now enjoyed.

Was it to be expected that they would love a country which they had never seen ; that they would love, honor, and willingly obey a king who lived three thousand miles away, entirely ignoring their welfare and happiness, and only seeking to get money from them by unfair and unjust taxation ? The only idea that many of the colonists held of England was that of hatred.

The colonies had now grown in population equal to that of many powerful European nations. Their territory extended for many, many miles along the Atlantic coast. The country was divided into thirteen distinct colonies, which were ruled on all home questions by the colonists themselves. They elected officers from their own number. They had their own customs and laws and followed them, not because they were forced to do so, but because they instituted them themselves and thought them right and just.

They had governed themselves so long in all home affairs that they had learned how to govern

well and had learned the value of self-government. The colonies may well be likened to a strong, healthy, vigorous man, full of life and energy, who, when he reaches the age of manhood, is anxious to start out in the world and work and provide for himself, without unfair restrictions.

There were some matters, however, which the colonists did not control. The mother government imposed and collected taxes as often as the want of money was felt. The collectors of these taxes were appointed by the mother government. This was distasteful to the colonists.

The colonists wished and demanded to be represented in the government across the sea, and to have control over the laying of taxes as well as the expenditure of money which was thus obtained. This right, however, England denied. She refused to consider the just demands of the colonists, but, instead, imposed on them still heavier taxes and levies.

England also attempted to control the commerce of America. She ordered that none of the products of the colonies were to be exported to any country but England, and that the colonists were not to import anything except from England. They were not allowed to manufacture any of their own implements or machinery or other things,

except those which could be made at the fire-side or on the farm, but must procure them from England, and must send the raw material of their own raising to be manufactured in England. Great Britain, by this order of things, held the prices of these articles in her own hands, and the colonists were powerless to prevent it. Thus the commerce and the general prosperity of the new country were either greatly hindered or entirely suppressed.

The burdens of the colonists soon became too heavy to be borne. The King of England, George the Third, was spending much money in foreign wars. He needed more money with which to carry them on. To secure this, he levied, without the consent of the colonists, heavy taxes on tea and sugar and other common articles of life used by the colonists. He also taxed the paper they used in business affairs. This last act incensed the colonists beyond measure, so they burned many thousands of the stamps which had been sent over to be used in this taxation.

King George repealed "The Stamp Act," as this act was called, but laid still heavier ones on the colonies.

You will learn in another chapter the result of this unjust taxation and tyranny.

20. THE REVOLUTION.

"Taxation without representation is tyranny." Do you understand the meaning of that sentence?

King George the Third needed money with which to carry on his foreign wars. So the king and parliament undertook to tax the young and prosperous colonies, without allowing them any voice in the matter.

Public meetings were held, fiery speeches were made, the houses of the royal officers were burned, and the king was burned in effigy in the presence of the people; that is, a representation of the king made of straw or hay, was burned.

The Navigation Act, of which you have already learned, caused much trouble. To avoid the payment of exorbitant duties, smuggling was carried on to a great extent. Smuggling is the secret or forcible landing of goods, without the payment of any duty for the privilege of landing.

On account of this smuggling, a law was passed appointing officers whose duty it was to enter and search the houses of the colonists in search of smuggled goods. The houses of innocent persons were entered and ransacked as well as those of the guilty. This was distasteful to the colonists.

Another act of tyranny maddened the colonists.

All criminals, even those merely suspected of crime, were sent to Europe to be tried. This was thought to be a great hardship.

The presence of the British soldiers in the cities was very annoying to the colonists. Frequent fights often ending in bloodshed were the result.

At last the tyranny became too oppressive to be borne. "A spark only was needed to kindle the slumbering hatred of England into the flames of war." Men collected, and brought their old guns, pistols, and swords; lead was melted into bullets; cartridges were made and military movements were learned.

England became alarmed at the state of affairs in America. She resolved to put an end to these youthful whims, as she called them.

Her attacks were made on Boston, whose citizens she considered the instigators of the outbreaks. Town meetings, so dear to the colonists, were abolished; the harbor at Boston was closed; the stores were shut, and soldiers were stationed at all corners. All business was stopped, and the streets soon became overgrown with grass. There was no work for the men, who spent the day idly talking over the situation.

Food was scarce, but the rest of the country considered that the attacks against Boston were

against all the colonies, so provisions and money were sent to the suffering city in great quantities.

King George had hoped to scare the colonies by these efforts, but on the contrary, the order closing the port of Boston tended to unite the colonies more firmly into one common, oppressed, but ever freedom-loving people.

All the colonists, however, were not equally patriotic and equally opposed to the tyranny of England. There were some who upheld the laws of the king, and sided with royalty on all questions. These were called Tories, and their lot was not a happy one. Many were the jokes and tricks played on them by the youthful patriots.

The Tories were very serviceable to the royal officers in the capacity of spies. They learned of the preparations made by the colonists, and in turn sold their knowledge to the English officers.

After the news that the English had fired on Boston, many thousand men from all parts of the thirteen colonies left their homes and families, shouldered their weapons, and marched toward Boston. These men were called "minute men," because they were ready to turn out at a minute's notice. The only weapons that some of them used were pitch-forks and picks.

The war now began in earnest. At first, the

colonies were not fighting for independence, but for freedom from the unjust taxation and the tyrannical laws of England.

In 1776 representative men of the different colonies met in Philadelphia and, after much serious conference and many fiery, patriotic speeches, passed the "Declaration of Independence," declaring that "the United Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states."

After this manly declaration, there was no withdrawing from the fight. It was a matter of life or death, freedom or slavery, tyranny and oppression, or civil rights and citizenship.

There was much to be done by the youthful colonies besides merely fighting. The Congress at Philadelphia, called the Continental Congress, was made up of many great and good men, of whom you will learn much in your future study of American history.

This assembly busied itself with enlisting men, procuring for them arms and provisions. They also negotiated with foreign countries for aid in the war.

The Declaration of Independence was adopted July 4, 1776, though it was not signed until several weeks later. Some of the greatest men of American history signed their names to this decla-

ration. Its adoption was greeted with wild enthusiasm by the people. Bells were rung, huge fires were built, flags were unfurled, and speeches were made. The event was one of general joy and celebration. Now that you know why we celebrate the Fourth of July you will enjoy the festivities of the day more than you have done before.

In spite of the spirit and vim and bravery with which the colonists entered into the contest, eight long and bloody years were spent before England was overcome. At last, however, the British generals surrendered, the troops were withdrawn, and England and the rest of the world acknowledged the colonies to be free and independent states.

During this war many fierce battles were fought, and many lives were lost by exhaustion on account of the long marches through marshes, across rivers filled with huge cakes of ice, or over mountains covered with snow. Much suffering was caused on account of the lack of food, and the absence of shelter from the severe climate, so that many brave men were killed before the desired result of the colonists was gained.

All this was to secure the liberty which we now enjoy. Let us make a short review of the Declaration of Independence which our forefathers published to show the world why they undertook to

free themselves from the unjust and tyrannical rule of England.

The basis of this declaration is that all men are created equal, that they should have certain rights, among which are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." When these rights are denied a people by a government, it is their right and duty to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security.

The king had refused to pass laws relating to the common welfare; he had elected many officers of his own to usurp or take away the rights of the people; he had cut off their trade with foreign countries; he had deprived them of the right to try their own people in their own courts by their own officers. He had plundered their seas, ravaged their coasts, burned their towns, and destroyed the lives of their people, and had encouraged and paid the savage red men to do the same.

The colonists had tried by prayers and petitions to stop and to prevent this tyranny; but all in vain. They had warned England that extreme measures would be resorted to, but England was deaf to all of their entreaties and prayers, as well as to these threats and warnings. War was the only means left with which to free themselves, and to this they finally resorted.

The result of this war you already know. In another lesson you will learn of the man who bravely guided the minute-men to victory and to freedom.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said :
‘This is my own, my native land?’”

MY COUNTRY.

I love my country’s pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms ;
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air
In wild, fantastic forms.

I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide
To seek the ocean’s breast ;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flowery dales,
Her haunts of peaceful rest.

I love her forests, dark and lone,
For there the wild bird’s merry tone

Is heard from morn till night,
And there are lovelier flowers, I ween,
Than e'er in Eastern land were seen,
In varied colors bright.

Her forests and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
Have all their charms for me ;
But more I love my country's name,
Those words that echo deathless fame,—
“The land of liberty.”

—HESPERION.

21. WE HONOR OUR COUNTRY.

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence ; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent ; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country ? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages, and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean. It is not the West with her forest-sea and her inland-isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn, with

her beautiful Ohio and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice-field. *What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family, OUR COUNTRY ?*

—GRIMKE.



OUR NATIONAL BANNER.

O'er the high and o'er the lowly
Floats that banner bright and holy,

In the rays of Freedom's sun,
In the nation's heart embedded,
O'er our Union newly wedded,
One in all, and all in one.

Let that banner wave forever,
May its lustrous stars fade never,
Till the stars shall pale on high ;
While there's right the wrong defeating,
While there's hope in true hearts beating,
Truth and freedom shall not die.

As it floated long before us,
Be it ever floating o'er us,
O'er our land from shore to shore :

There are freemen yet to wave it,
Millions who would die to save it,
Wave it, save it, evermore.

— WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS.

—————

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming ?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming ?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in
air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was
still there :
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the
deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam ;

In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream :
'Tis the star-spangled banner ; oh, long may it wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more ?

Their blood hath washed out their foul footstep's pollution :

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave ;

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation !

Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation !

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just ;
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust" ;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

—FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

—o—o—o—o—

COLUMBIA, THE LAND OF THE BRAVE.

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

Chorus.

When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of Freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm,
With the garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

Chorus.

- DAVID T. SHAW -



22. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Do you remember having had a holiday the latter part of February this year? Do you know why all the schools were closed on the 22d of that month? On that day, 1732, George Washington was born in the state of Virginia. In honor of his memory, all business is stopped on the anniversary of his birthday, that people may sing his praises throughout this broad land. Let me tell you why this man is so greatly honored.

Washington during his early manhood was an officer in the English-Colonial army, fighting the French and Indians. During those wars he fought bravely, and exercised much skill in commanding

the men below him in rank. He became well known throughout the colonies. When the war for independence broke out, Washington was selected to command the minute-men. When this call came to him he was a planter on the banks of the Potomac River. This river flows past the capital of our nation, called Washington in honor of him of whom we are reading.

Washington's plantation was about twenty miles below the point where the capital now is. His home has been preserved, much as it was when Washington himself was there. The house is a large, two-story frame dwelling, built in the shape of a semicircle, or half circle. From the front porch, between the massive pillars, the majestic Potomac can be seen slowly creeping down to the ocean. Back of the house are many dwellings called lodges, in which Washington's servants lived. Washington had a great many servants, and raised a great deal of tobacco. He became by these means a very rich man for those times. He was the most powerful and influential man of the community in which he lived. And indeed his fame was spread throughout the country. He had much to do with the government of Virginia. His ideas on any subject relating to the welfare of the state, were eagerly sought. Probably no other of the many

illustrious Virginians had as much influence over the people as George Washington.

This ability to govern made him an excellent commander. He was willing to undergo all the sufferings and hardships which his men had to bear, and would divide his scanty meal with the poorest soldiers in the ranks. For this reason he was greatly beloved and honored by all. Men would gladly give their lives if Washington was at their head commanding them. Washington was a brave and fearless soldier as well as an excellent commander. Under his guidance, the minute-men were led to victory and freedom. Washington fought for nearly eight years at the head of his men, never losing his courage or showing signs of weakness. He suffered many hardships, had many narrow escapes, but at all times he maintained a cool decision which characterized him.

Although an officer, he was also a soldier, bravely and doggedly fighting with his fellowmen for life and freedom. Washington made his men feel that defeats were but pebbles thrown in the road to victory, while every victory was a huge stone removed from their pathway. By his own bravery and patience he prevented his soldiers from becoming discouraged and disheartened.

When, after the war, Washington bade his sol-

diers goodby, many were the tears shed by old veterans who had stood before the thundering cannon and bright rows of bayonets without flinching.

Washington was elected President of the new Republic as by common consent. He was the only man for the position. After four years of satisfactory service, Washington was again elected to the presidency with but little opposition. Under Washington, the foundations for the greatest and freest land in the world were solidly laid. Where Washington was there were no lords, no servants, but all were men; all were peers, and all were free. Will you not join in the words of praise to his memory, when next year all the country do honor to him who was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen?"



THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON EVER HONORED.

Welcome, thou festal morn!
Never be passed in scorn
Thy rising sun,
Thou day forever bright
With Freedom's holy light,
That gave the world the sight
Of Washington.

Unshaken 'mid the storm,
Behold that noble form,—
That peerless one,—
With his protecting hand,
Like Freedom's angel, stand,
The guardian of our land,
Our Washington.

Traced there in lines of light,
Where all pure rays unite,
Obscured by none ;
Brightest on history's page,
Of any clime or age,
As chieftain, man, and sage,
Stands Washington.

Name at which tyrants pale,
And their proud legions quail,
Their boasting done,
While Freedom lifts her head,
No longer filled with dread,
Her sons to victory led
By Washington.

Now the true patriot see,
The foremost of the free,
The victory won,
In Freedom's presence bow,

While sweetly smiling now
She wreathes the spotless brow
Of Washington.

Then, with each coming year,
Whene'er shall appear
That natal sun,
Will we attest the worth,
Of one true man to earth,
And celebrate the birth
Of Washington.

— GEORGE HOWLAND.



MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty !
 Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
 Let Freedom ring !

My native country ! thee,—
Land of the noble free,—
 Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,

Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song ;
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King !

— S. F. SMITH.

V. LITERARY NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

1. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

—PSALM OF LIFE.

The best known and most dearly loved poet of America is Mr. Longfellow, whose poems are in every household, many of which every school child knows by heart. What boy has not learned "Excelsior," and what girl has not recited for her school-mates the beautiful "Psalm of Life"?

Longfellow is the children's poet, for he loved them and wrote many poems about them. His beautiful home was ever filled with his little friends.

You are familiar with part of one of his poems, "Hiawatha," with its fine descriptions of Indian life. Would you not like to read it all? You will read many of his longer poems in years to come, while at present you may well read "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Children's Hour," and "Rain in

Summer." You will find enjoyment in reading the "Skeleton in Armor," a selection of which shows you how the English boys of old were accustomed to enjoy themselves.

2. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Innocent child and snow-white flower,
Well are ye paired in your opening hour;
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless and sweet with sweet.

—INNOCENT CHILD AND SNOW-WHITE FLOWER.

Do you remember reading a beautiful poem entitled "Green River," on page 44, by this poet?

Let me tell you some things of Mr. Bryant. When he was not more than ten years of age, he commenced writing poems, and when he was but nineteen he wrote one of the best poems to be found in the English language, "Thanatopsis," the first few lines of which you may see in the frontispiece.

He was a great lover and observer of nature, and on this account all his poems are marked by buoyancy and delightful purity and refinement of thought.

You will derive much pleasure from reading the following poems written by this honored and beloved man: "Green River," "Death of The Flowers," and the "Song of Marion's Men."

—••••—

3. MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

Thou wak'st from happy sleep to play
With bounding heart, my boy !
Before thee lies a long bright day
Of summer and of joy.

— A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

Mrs. Hemans was an English poetess, several of whose beautiful selections you have read. Her life was one of sorrow and hardship, to which her poems bear witness by their sweet and tender strains.

I am sure you will enjoy reading some of her poems, especially the "Hymns on the Works of Nature," as they were written expressly for her five children who sympathized with her in her sorrows.

You have read her "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." I will ask you to read other selections from one of which, "Bring Flowers," you have

already read. They are "Washington's Statue," "The Graves of a Household," and "To the Poet Wordsworth."

4. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

All the inhabitants of the village are busy. One is clearing a spot on the verge of the forest for his home-stead ; another is hewing the trunk of a fallen pine-tree, in order to build himself a home ; a third is hoeing in his field of Indian corn. Here comes a huntsman out of the woods, dragging a bear which he has shot, and shouting to his neighbors to lend him a hand. There goes a man to the sea-shore, with a spade and a bucket, to dig a mess of clams, which are a principal article of food with the first settlers. Scattered here and there, are two or three dusky figures, clad in mantels of fur, with ornaments of bone hanging from their ears, and the feathers of wild birds in their coal black hair. They have belts of shell-work slung across their shoulders, and are armed with bows and arrows and flint-headed spears.

— TRUE STORIES, "LADY ARBELLA," *An Early Settlement.*

Mr. Hawthorne was an American whose writings have given much enjoyment to young boys and girls. Besides his many short, witty stories, he has written several long stories about children and for children. Among these are "Twice-Told

Tales" and "True Stories" which you will especially enjoy, on account of their explanation of the history you have been studying.

He has written many things of the countries from which our forefathers came. You will enjoy reading these as you already know considerable of these countries.

5. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Our children know each wild wood smell,
The bay-berry and the fern,
The man who does not know them well
Is all too old to learn.

— A VIGNETTE.

Mr. Holmes is another American writer of whom you should know something.

While at college, he was called "the poet" by his school-mates on account of his poetical contributions to the college paper. He has since then become famous on account of his beautiful songs and witty sayings.

Besides his poems, he has written several fine prose selections which you will read when you grow older.

The following are recommended to you as pleasant reading at leisure hours: "The Flower of

Liberty," "Spring Has Come," "Ode for Washington's Birthday," and "Chambered Nautilus."

6. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan,
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes.

—THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Still another poet who has written some delightful poems for children is J. G. Whittier.

Have you not already read the "Barefoot Boy," the opening lines of which are above?

The following poems will please you I am sure: "The Robin," "The Fountain," "Child-songs."

7. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.

—THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

Mr. Emerson began his poetical career during his college days, writing poems for the college papers. His writings will not interest you as much as some others, for his poems are not clearly expressed and are hard to understand.

Nevertheless a few are named which you doubtless will enjoy reading.

"The Mountain and the Squirrel," "The House," and "Each and All," from which you remember reading a selection in "Our Beautiful World," about the sparrow in the woods that sang on the alder bough.

8. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

. . . There is a toil
That with all others level stands ;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten soft, white hands.

—THE HERITAGE.

Mr. Lowell is an American poet who probably ranks next to Mr. Longfellow.

He has written many things for older people, but there are a few short selections which you can understand and will enjoy reading. These are "The Heritage," "The First Snow," and "Summer."

9. ROBERT BURNS.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

—BANNOCKBURN.

This Scottish poet was regarded among the Scotch people much as Mr. Longfellow is among his fellow-countrymen,—“The Home Poet.”

Burns has been loved by many before, as well as since, his death. He is greatly honored in Scotland, England, and America.

His poems are either full of fun and pleasantry, or of tears and sorrow.

One, “The Cotter’s Saturday Night,” was written at his father’s fireside by the flickering light of burning logs, after a day’s work in the field.

The following are recommended to you as good reading: “The Cotter’s Saturday Night,” “Honest Poverty,” and “Bannockburn.”

10. CHARLES DICKENS.

The whole country was covered with forests and swamps. The greater part of it was very misty and cold. There were no roads, no bridges, no streets, no

houses that you would think deserving of the name. A town was nothing but a collection of straw-covered huts, hidden in a thick wood, with a ditch all round, and a low wall made of mud, or the trunks of trees placed one above another. The people planted little or no corn, but lived upon the flesh of their flocks and cattle. They made no coins, but used metal rings for money. They were clever in basket-work, as savage people often are; and they could make a coarse kind of cloth, and some very bad earthenware.

— HISTORY OF ENGLAND, *England as the Romans found it.*

An English author of whom you should know something is Charles Dickens. His writings are mostly prose, although he has written a few poems, among which is the “Ivy Green” (page 94).

The boyhood of this famous man was one of hardship, toil, and great suffering. He studied a few years in school, the rest of the time being passed in the lowest and dirtiest parts of London, working in factories. His thoughts, however, were busy preparing his mind to make the great books he wrote in his later life.

His books all portray the hardships through which he passed, his great love and pity for suffering children being ever present.

He wrote a delightful “Child’s History of England,” the reading of which will please and instruct

you. Quotations from this history are found in this book.

His prose writings are so numerous that it is difficult to name any special ones for you to read.

Your teacher will name some selections from different books that you will enjoy reading.

In your future studies you will read much to interest you from the following-named poets, over whose names several selections appear in this reader:—

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE is an American who has written many novels and short stories for young people. You will be delighted to read "Midsummer," "The Farm-Yard Song," "Farmer John," and "The Wolves."

JAMES HOGG was an uneducated man who obtained his love of poetry from his mother who sang to him old Scotch ballads in his infant days.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was a famous English poet who wrote many fine but long poems which sometime you will take pleasure in reading. The poem entitled "Daffodils" is especially recommended to you now.

FIGURES OF SPEECH.

Read the first stanza of "The Sea," page 19, noting especially the last line; also the fourth stanza of the same poem, page 20, noting especially the fourth line.

Read now the poem entitled "The River," page 42, noting especially the last line of each stanza.

Read next the stanza closing the lesson entitled "Pebbles," page 59, noting the last line of the stanza beginning with "as."

Each line to which your attention has been called, is used for explaining or illustrating what has gone before it. These lines call attention to things or acts that are supposed to be similar to other things or acts spoken of. These are called *similes*. A *simile* is an expressed likeness. Find other similes in the book. With what words are similes introduced?

Read the stanza by Horace Smith at the bottom of page 121. The parts of the flower are called lips, then they are called preachers. The calyx, or cup, is called a pulpit. Every leaf is called a book. The lips are not said to be like preachers, but they are assumed to be preachers. The cup is not said to be like a pulpit; it is assumed to be a pulpit. Every leaf is not said to be like a book; but is assumed to be like a book and is asserted to be a book.

An assumed likeness is a *metaphor*. Find other metaphors in this book. *Similes* and *metaphors* are called *figures of speech*. You will find many figures of speech in Mr. Longfellow's writings.

Read the poem entitled "Little White Lily," page 101. Note that the word "Lily" is spelled with a capital letter. This is because the flower is spoken of as a person who acts.

"Little white Lily sat by a stone."

"Little white Lily said, 'It is good.'"

"Little white Lily, dressed like a bride."

This is a figure of speech and is called *personification*. You will find personification in the next poem, "Lily's Ball."

Now I ask you to read and note carefully the poem "Spring," page 105.

"The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver,
For little boys and girls."

Notice that these plants act, but their acts are natural and consistent with their nature. The alder shakes because the wind blows it; the willow buds, that is, produces buds, because that is its nature. This is not personification. Still there is much figure of speech in this poem, which you will be interested to study.

"In silver" is a *metaphor*. It is an assumed likeness

because a willow bud looks like silver. Metaphor and personification add very much to the beauty of composition, as well as to the pleasure of him who reads it. In writing compositions, you should try to embellish your work with carefully selected *similes* or *metaphors*.

Read the poem entitled "Jack Frost," beginning on page 31. Note the word "nipping" in the second line of the first stanza. This denotes weather cold enough only to kill the delicate, tender foliage or flowers.

The word "cracking," in the second line of the second stanza, denotes colder weather; cold enough to crack chestnut burrs.

The word "chipping," in the second line of the third stanza, shows weather growing colder; cold enough to freeze water in the little crevices of the rocks, causing pieces to chip off.

In the next stanza the weather is represented as being so cold as to freeze the vapor on the window panes, which of course is colder than that which would freeze water in the crevices of exposed rocks.

In the remaining stanzas the weather is represented as cold enough to freeze the water in ponds and rivers.

This representation of increasing strength or effect is called a *climax*.

Count the steps in this climax.

Read the poem entitled "The River," page 42. Do you think this poem represents a *climax*?

LISTS OF WORDS FOR PRONUNCIATION.



NOTE.—In diacritical marking, accentuation, and syllabication, WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, edition of 1890, is taken as authority.

NOTE.—The unmarked vowels in the following lists, are either *silent*, as in “accused,” “literature,” etc., or they represent an obscure sound having more nearly the quality of short *u*, than any other. They pass so quickly into the sound of the following consonant that they seem to be joined to it; as in “alluvial,” “document,” etc. The closing syllable, *tion*, is pronounced *shün*, when unmarked.

Give the sound of *i* as heard in the word *pit* or *pin*; then give the sound of *oo* as heard in the word *boot* or *moon*. Next utter the two sounds as near together as possible. Correctly given, this is the long sound of *u*, heard in accented syllables. The same quality of sound of that letter is heard in many unaccented syllables, but is much shorter. The two are marked as follows:—

ū as in *use*; û as in *unite*.

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|----------------------|
| sīn'ews (üz) | hewed (hüd) | căp'türed |
| queue (kū) | āl lū'vī al | dōc'ū ment |
| pū'pīls | sē cūre' | rē'prō dūced' |
| New'found land | īn clūdes' | plūme |
| āc cūsed' | ūs ēs (üz čz) | hūge |
| cū'rī oūs | ūse'lēss | ā cūte' |
| līt'ér ā thīre | dīs pūt'ēd | mū se'üm (-zē') |
| jū'rīs dīc'tion | ā dieū' (ā dū') | sū pē'rī or (-ēr) * |
| rē fūsed' | pēr fūmed' | lū'mī noōs |
| vīr'tüe | vāl'üe | dew (dü) |
| ōc'cū pā'tion | knew (nū) | mūt'ü al ly |
| dūr'īng | cōn'stī tū'tion | pēn īn'sū lá |
| ū nī vēr'sī tȳ | Pōr'tū gal | grād'ü al ly |
| jūl'ices (jū'sez) | ōp'pōr tū'nī tȳ | stū'pīd |
| cōn clūd'ēd | īn dūce'ments | hū'mor ous (-mēr ūs) |

Pronounce the word *nor* three times. Leave off the *n* and pronounce the remaining word three times. Leave off the *r* and give the remaining sound three times. Make this sound short, as short as it is possible to make it, preserving the quality. Correctly given, this is the short sound of *o*.

ö as in ödd.

| | | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| bē yönd' | töp | söł'ëmn | röt |
| söng | för'ëst | spöt | höt |
| cö'l'üm bine | löng | to mör/röw (töö) | öff |
| göne | röcks | dö'l'phin (-fin) | völ cä'nö |
| fröm | cör'al | möcks | hör'I zön'tal |
| blös'soms (-sümz) | bö't/tom (-tüm) | dis solve (diz zölv') | fore'heads (för'ëds) |
| göb'lëts | knöts | fröst | ö'r'ange (-enj) |
| ströng | fröth'y | öp/pö site (-zit) | öb/jëcts |

Words should not be mispronounced to indicate their spelling. In pronouncing the following words, do not prolong the vowel sounds in unaccented syllables.

ē as in ēve; è as in èvent.

| | | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| bé liëv'ing | dé pärt' | dé scënd' | bé fôre' |
| dé fënd'ëd | äc eüs'tom (-tüm) | dé vöte' | bé cause' (-kåz) |
| dé stroyed' | ä round' | äc eürs'ëd | ä gainst' (-gënst) |
| sé lëct'ëd | ä cröss' | rë çäll' | è rëct' |
| bé come' (-cüm) | dé fënce' | rë bël' | dé sïre' |
| dé vö'tion | bé cäme' | dé spair' | dé void' |
| bé hind' | dé cid'ëd | rë wärd' | ä cüte' |
| bé twëëñ' | ä gain' (-gén) | ät täck' | cön tññ'ued |
| rë tûrn' | bé liëve' | ä rouse' (-rouz) | áp pëared' |

Be careful to give the long sound of *oo* in the following words:—

öö as in nöön.

| | | | |
|---------|-------|------|-----------------|
| öoz ïng | brööm | rööf | schöö'l'mäs téř |
| wööed | fööd | sööñ | bäl lööñ' |
| mööñ | rööt | hööf | glööm |
| spööñ | tööth | rööm | bööt |

Give the sound of *a* as heard in the word *far* or *star*. Give it three times. Make it short, very short. Put this very short sound of the letter *a* in the following words :—

ā as in fast.

| | | | |
|-----------------|--------|-----------|----------------|
| ād ván'tāge | mást | cās'sá vā | lán'cěs |
| cōm'mā | báss | gläss | pássted |
| pás/türe | tásk | ásk | pást |
| cōm mānd' | fást | máss | clåss |
| dē mānd'ēd | äft'ēr | cást | läst |
| fás/tened (-nd) | páss | gråss | shåft |
| pránc/ing | brånch | más'tér | pás'tor (-tär) |

Be careful to give the subtonic sound to the *th* in the following words ; that is, the sound of *th* as heard in the word *them* :—

th as in them.

| | | |
|---------------|------------------|-------------|
| wíth | cloths (klöfthz) | mōths (z) |
| baths (báfhz) | thíls | bé nēath' |
| ün dēr nēath' | nôrth'ērn | nôrth'ēr lÿ |
| souñh'ērn | fá/thér | thíth'ēr |

Care will be required to pronounce the following words correctly :—

| | | |
|--------------------|----------------------------|-------------------|
| ge og'ra phies | ge'o log'ic | crea'tures |
| (jé óg'rā fíz) | (jé'ð löj'ic) | (kré/türz) |
| hún'drēd | gov'ērn ment (güv) | ät tåck' |
| whóle | säc'rī ficed (-fizd) | civ'il ized |
| prōc'ëss | Sän Säl vā dör' | bōats (bōts) |
| ëx ist'ēd (ëgz) | hearth (härtb) | äb dō'měn |
| å gainst' (-gënst) | ex äct'lý (ëgz) | stōne |
| fö'lí äge | bound'léss | ruth'léss |
| yës'tēn dáy | chim'ney (-në) | fröth'y |
| hís'tò rÿ | öft'en (öf'n) | tüfts |
| tü/bü lar (-lär) | cá níne' | gär/den êr (-d'n) |
| hov'ēr ìng (hüv) | li'chens (-kënz) | brö/ken (-k'n) |
| gov'ern or | gen'ēr al lÿ (jén) | ex cur'sion |
| (güv'ërn èr) | ex haus'tion (ëgz ås'chün) | (ëks kür'shün) |

Do not give the long sound of *i* in the following words:—

| | | | |
|-----------------------|------------|------------|--------------------|
| dī rēc'tion | dī rēct'lý | dī mīn'ish | dī rēct'or ý (-ēr) |
| īm ag'ī nā'tion (-āj) | ān'ī mals | dī lūte' | dī rēct'or (-ēr) |
| dī gēs'tion (-chūn) | dī gēst' | dī věst' | dī lūt'ēd |

Do not wrongly accent the following words:—

| | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------|--------------|
| āc cěnt' (v) | dě tāil' (v) | In'tēr ēst |
| īn'tēr ēst Ing | In'tēr ēst īng lý | īn qui'rý |
| re built' (v) (rē bilt') | In'dūs trý | pēr'fūme (n) |
| āg'rī cūl'ture | In crēase' (v) | pēr fūme' |

DEFINITIONS.

Val'ley [väl'lī] (pp. 13, 14). The low portion of land between ranges of mountains or ranges of hills, through which may flow one or more streams of water.

Vale. A portion of land similar to a valley, unusually smaller than the valley.

Valley and *vale* are used interchangeably by most writers; each word gives an idea of beauty.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

— THOMAS MOORE.

Plain (p. 16). A level portion of land which may or may not be traversed by streams, but having no mountains.

The word *plain* conveys no idea of beauty. It is applied to a large portion of land that looks much the same throughout its whole extent.

Pla teaus' [plá tōz'] (p. 54). Broad portions of land, level, or nearly so, but higher than valleys.

Prom'on to ry [prōm'ın tō rý] (p. 34). A high point of land projecting into the water.

Branch (p. 55). One of the main divisions of a tree or river that make the whole. Used locally as the name of a small stream.

Limb. A smaller growth, larger than a twig, but not important enough to be called a branch.

Trib'u tā rý. A small stream running into a larger one, but not large enough to be called a branch.

Mi'crō scōpe (p. 85). A word composed of two words, meaning *small*, or *little*, and *seeing*, or *viewing*. The name of an instrument that is used for seeing small things.

Tel'ē scōpe. A word composed of two words, meaning *distant* and *seeing*. An instrument used for distant seeing.

A *telescope* assists in seeing in two ways: it makes the object that is looked at appear larger and thus makes it more easily seen; then it admits more light to the eye so that the eye can see better.

An *opera-glass* is a short, double telescope; that is, each tube of the opera-glass is a short telescope.

Tel'ē graph [-gráf]. A word composed of two words, meaning *distant* and *writing*. The name given to apparatus by means of which writing is done at a distance.

Tel'ē phone [fóne]. A word composed of two words, meaning *distant* and *sound*. The name of an instrument used for hearing distant sound.

MIn'ér al (p. 37). A substance without distinct parts called organs, or without parts having special uses; as stone, earth, or iron.

Veg'e ta ble [vëj'ë tá b'l] (p. 72). A term applied to plants; here the word means plants raised for food. Plants are made up of organs or parts, each of which performs certain duties in the work or process of living. Vegetables live on mineral or on unorganized matter. (Read "How Plants Live," page 83.)

Ān'ī mal (p. 141). An animal is a being that has voluntary motion. It is made up of organs each of which performs a part of the work of living. This will be better understood by thinking of the part of the work of living done by the teeth, by the eyes, by the hands, or by the lungs.

Animals cannot live on mineral or on unorganized matter alone, but must have for food vegetable matter or other animal matter, or both. Many animals eat both animal and vegetable food.

Liq'uid [lïk'wid] (p. 84). A substance that is visible yet has no definite form, but changes its position if disturbed; as water or milk.

Flu'id. A term applied to all liquids and also to substances that cannot be seen; as air and common gas and other gases. Water is a liquid or a fluid; gas and air are fluids, but are not liquids.

Sol'Id. A substance that does not flow or change its form by slight disturbance; as earth, stone, or wood.

Whale (p. 20). A marine animal having a backbone and an internal skeleton, that produces its young alive and eats animal food.

Por'poise [pór'pūs] (p. 20). A sea animal belonging to the same order as the whale. It comes to the surface of the water frequently. It tumbles and frisks and rolls about, presenting a round appearance like a pig.

Dol'phin [-fin]. A sea animal belonging to the same order as the whale.

Dol'phins [-fīnz] (p. 20). The sailors call a species of flying fish, which at certain times presents a bright appearance like gold, a dolphin. It is no doubt this animal to which reference is made in the line, —

“And the dolphins bared their backs of gold.”

Let the pupil read the lesson beginning on page 25, and define *earthquake*; then the lesson on page 27, and define *volcano*; then the lesson beginning on page 29, and define *soil*; then the lesson beginning on page 45, and give the meaning of the word *delta*.

Now the pupil may read the lesson beginning on page 90, and define *climbers* and *tendrils*; then the lesson beginning on page 97, and define *perianth*.

VOCABULARY.

FROM SECTION I.—OUR BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

| | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ac'id (ä's'id), a sour substance with power to eat into anything it touches. | hie , hasten ; move or run with haste. |
| ap pear'an ces (äp pér'ans éz), conditions that are seen. | Im'ag I nă'tion (-ăj), the act of bringing to the mind images or likenesses of things that are not presented. |
| ar'mor (är'mĕr), hard covering for protection. | Im pris'oned (-priz'n'd), shut up ; confined. |
| bēach , a gently sloping shore that is washed by the waves of the sea or the lake. | in tér fēre' , oppose ; clash ; intermeddle. |
| bōg , a low, wet place that is covered with grass or other plants ; a marsh. | lad'en (läd'n), loaded ; having a burden. |
| bōul'dér , a large stone ; a mass of rock moved from its bed by natural means. | mūl'lēt , a kind of fish. |
| cen'tu ries (sĕn'tü rīz), periods of a hundred years each. | pĕn'ē trātes , goes through or into. |
| chă'n'nēls , passage-ways. | pér pĕt'ū al , everlasting ; endless. |
| cōn dĕnse' , to make more close. | pow'dér Ing , grinding into fine particles. |
| dé pō's'itēd (-pōz'), placed. | proc'ess (prōs'ës), ways or means. |
| diff'er ence (-ëns), any quality that distinguishes one thing from another. | riv'ù lët , a small river or brook. |
| dis solved' (diz zolv'd'), broken up ; broken in pieces. | scărred , deeply marked. [out. |
| draught (dräft), a current of air moving through an enclosed place. | scōop'Ing , dipping out ; digging |
| fēr'tile , productive ; rich. | scră'pling , rubbing with a sharp or rough instrument ; grating upon. [by wrinkling. |
| gōld'fish , a small fish, so named from its color, being like that of gold. | shriv'els (shriv'lz), grows smaller |
| gūr'glIng , running or flowing in a broken, noisy current. | skĕl'ē ton (-tün), a bony structure or framework. |
| | strūg'gling , trying ; striving. |
| | tilt'ëd , turned up. |
| | tōr'rent , a violent stream ; a strong current. |
| | ün bound'ëd , having no limits. |
| | vōl căñ'ic , made by a volcano. |
| | where so e'er' (hwär sō är'), wher-ever. |

FROM SECTION II.—PLANT LIFE OF THE EARTH.

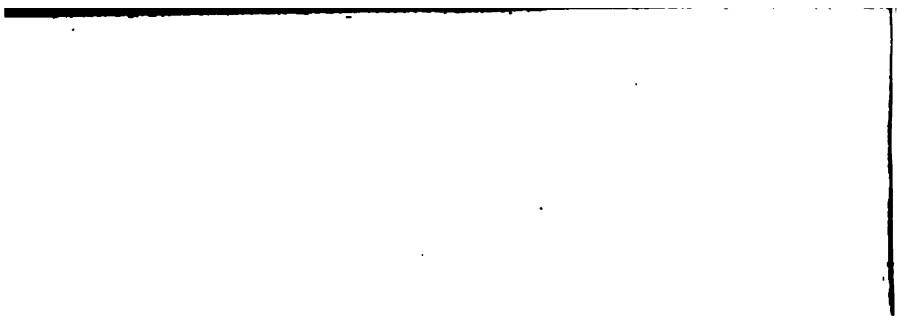
| | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| âb sôrbed', taken in ; swallowed. | mû'tû al, pertaining to more than one. [apparatus. |
| âc côm'plished, completed ; done. | |
| âc cùs'tom (-tüm), make familiar by use. | nar'gî leh (när'gî lä), a smoking noûr'ish ment, food ; that which supports life. [beauty. |
| âl têr'nâte, one after another ; not opposite. | ör'nâ mén'tal, kept for their plû'my, covered with feathers. |
| âr râng'e'ment, putting in order. | prôph'ët, one who foretells events. |
| âr râyed', dressed ; attired. | puz'zlee (pîz'zle'), causes wonder or astonishment. |
| boun'd, jump. | quênc'h, stop or satisfy. |
| boun'té ôûs, giving much, affording much. [flowers. | râ'ment, clothes. |
| bou quet' (bôô kâ'), a bunch of brânc'h'less, without limbs. | rê bûff', treatment ; set-backs ; disappointments. |
| câr'gô, load ; burden ; freight. | rê frâshed', made fresh. |
| cov'er ings (ktîv), coats of wool or hair or feathers. | rê lêase', death (p. 121). |
| cud'gelled (kñj'ël'd), pounded ; beat. [care. | rêp'rë sent'ed (-zënt), stood for, or in place of. |
| cûl'ti vâte, improve by labor and cùn'ning, knowledge ; skill ; art. | rê solved' (-zôlv'd), determined. |
| cy lin'dri cal (si'lîn drî kal), round like a cylinder. | rê stôre', give back. |
| dâin'ty, nice ; delicate. | sêa'nymph (-nîmf), a fabled being of the sea. [sea. |
| de li cious (dè lîsh'üs), delightful to the taste. | sêa'sprite, a fabled being of the stâte'lî est, grandest ; largest. |
| dôr'nîng, putting on. | stâñch, strong and tight ; firm. |
| fai'ry, an imaginary being. | têempt'ing, leading on ; inducing. |
| fân'cies (-siz), images. | thrives, grows rapidly ; improves ; does well. |
| fright'ened (frit'nd), scared ; made afraid. | trâced, written on (p. 121). |
| fûr'nish ès, provides ; gives. | trôp'î cal, belonging to the tropics ; belonging to warm regions. |
| hâl'lôwed, made sacred or holy. | tûr'ban, head-dress. |
| In'ves ti gâ'tion, looking, prying into. | tûn wit'ting lÿ, unknowingly. |
| kêël, the principal timber at the bottom of a wooden ship, supporting the whole framework. | tû têñ'sila, tools. |
| lâ'tent, not seen ; possible. | vâ'rî ôûs, several ; different. |
| mâ tûre', full grown ; ripe. | vêr'nal, spring-like. |
| moul'der ing (môld'ër ïng), falling to pieces. | wêen, think. |
| | wilt'ed, stale ; having lost freshness. |

FROM SECTION III.—ANIMAL LIFE OF THE EARTH.

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|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ā bi'dēth (solemn form of <i>abides</i>), | In vē's/tī gäte, inquire into ; find out about. |
| stays in a place ; lives ; dwells. | |
| ab'sūrd', ridiculous ; foolish. | lel'sure ly (lē'zhür ly), slowly ; not hurriedly. |
| āc cūsed', charged with something wrong. [mine. | lit'ér à tōre, written matter, as stories and poems. |
| ād jūdge', judge ; settle ; determine. | lū'mī nōtū, bright ; shining ; clear. |
| ā māze'ment, wonder ; surprise. | mā jēs'tic, like a royal person ; splendid ; grand. |
| āp pār'ent ly, evidently ; seemingly. | myth, an imaginary story. |
| āt tāched' (-tācht'), fond of ; having love for. | nōc tūr'nal, done at night ; feeding at night. |
| bē guiled', deceived ; imposed on. | pār'tridge (-trij), a kind of bird used for food. |
| blithe'some (-sūm), gay ; cheerful. | pēd'i cels (-sēlz), supports. |
| cāl'tif', a mean, hateful person. | pheas'ant (fēz'), a kind of bird used for food. |
| char'āc tēr lā'tic (kār), that which distinguishes a person or thing from another. | pronounced' (prō nounst'), spoke ; uttered. [back. |
| chēr'ib, a beautiful thing. | rē flēct'ēd, thrown or turned |
| cōm pār'a tīve ly, if compared with others. | scrēch'ing, shrieking ; uttering a harsh cry. |
| con'jur er (kūn'jūr ēr), a person who does wonderful things ; one who practises magic. | sēn'tence, decree ; decision. |
| cōn'vēnt, a religious school or a house of charity. | shēēn, the shining ; the glimmering. |
| cōpse, a grove of small trees. | sīg nīf'i cant, worthy of notice. |
| crāunch'es, crushes with the teeth. | sīn cēr'I ty, honesty of mind. |
| dō mēs'tic, living in or about a house ; belonging to the house or home. | skim'mīng, brushing slightly ; passing lightly. |
| ēm'ér ald, a rich, green color. | suc'cor (sük'kér), aid ; help. |
| feign'ing (fān), pretending. | sūf'fō cā'tion, choking ; smothering. [across. |
| frō'līc some (-stīm), full of mirth ; playful. | trāv'ērse, wander over ; travel |
| glim'mēred, gleamed ; shone faintly. [knots. | vēnge'ance, punishment inflicted to gratify anger or hatred. |
| gnarled (närled), knotty ; full of hām'pēred, hindered ; kept back. | vīc'tim, a person or animal destroyed or injured by another. |
| īn dig'nant ly, angrily. | zē'nīth, the point in the sky directly overhead ; the highest point. |

FROM SECTION IV.—OUR GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE.

- an'ces tor** (*ān sēs tōr*), one from whom a person descends.
- bi'sōn**, a large animal much like the buffalo, found in America; popularly called the buffalo.
- brānt**, a kind of wild goose.
- būt'cā neér'**, a robber on the seas; a pirate. [ship.]
- ear'ā vēl** (*kār*), an old style of catechism (*kāt'ē kīzm*), a small book of questions and answers on religious subjects.
- Chris'tian** (*kris'chan*), a person who believes in the religion of Christ.
- cor'sair** (*kōr'sār*), a pirate.
- dōe'skīn**, the skin of a female deer.
- ém'i grā'tion**, the act of going from one country to live in some other country.
- ēorl**, a nobleman; a man of rank. This is the old Saxon way of spelling the word. It is now spelled *earl*.
- ēr'mīne**, a small animal with beautiful, valuable fur.
- flint**, a very hard stone that strikes fire with steel or iron.
- ger'fal'con** (*jēr'fā'kōn*), a falcon; a bird of prey. (Spelled also *gyrfalcon*.)
- gir'dle** (*v*) (*ger'd'l*), bound with a belt; enclosed; to cut a band of bark encircling the trunk of a tree.
- hea'then** (*hē'fē'n*), a person who worships idols, or who does not know the true God.
- hedge'hōg** (*hēj*), a small animal covered with hair and prickles.
- im mi grā'tion**, the act of coming into a country to live there.
- in'vid'uāl**, hateful; mean.
- jās'pēr**, a kind of rock of various colors, used for ornaments.
- lärch**, a cone-bearing tree of graceful, drooping appearance.
- mā rau'dēr**, a rover seeking plunder; a plunderer; a robber.
- mint'más tēr**, the person in charge of a mint or a place where metal money is made or coined.
- nāv'i gā'tor** (-*tōr*), a person who manages a ship; a person who makes journeys by water.
- pen'non** (*pēn'nūn*), a wing; a flag or streamer.
- pi'rāte**, a robber on the seas; a ship whose purpose it is to plunder other ships.
- rōe**, a kind of deer; a female deer.
- rūs'tic**, like the country; rude; awkward.
- scālp**, the part of the head that is covered with hair; taken by the Indian from the head of his victim, as a trophy.
- tānk'ard** (-*erd*), a large vessel for liquors; a drinking vessel.
- tith'ing mān**, one who collects taxes.
- tūrn'pike**, a carefully made road kept constantly in repair.
- ū ni vēr'si tēy**, a school that gives education in a great number of subjects and the highest education in any one subject.
- were'wolf** (*wēr'wūlf*), a man-wolf; a person thought to be able to change to a wolf.



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